



THE

# Tattler

& Bystander 2s.6d. weekly 26 Sept. 1962





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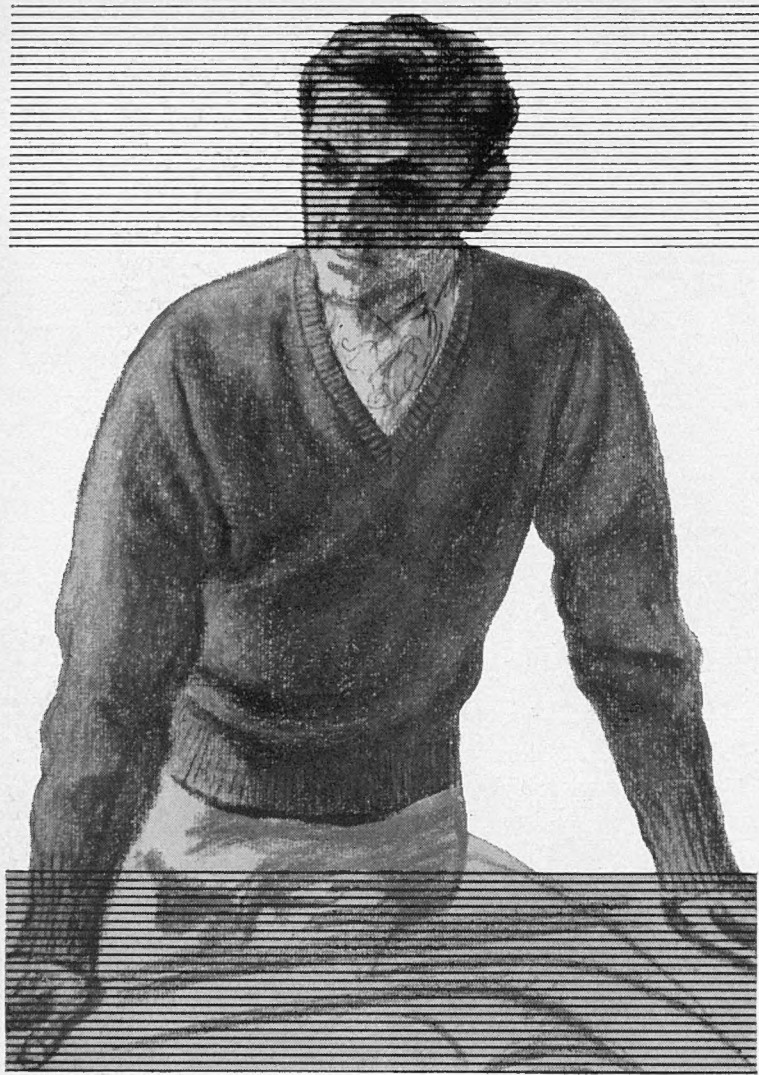
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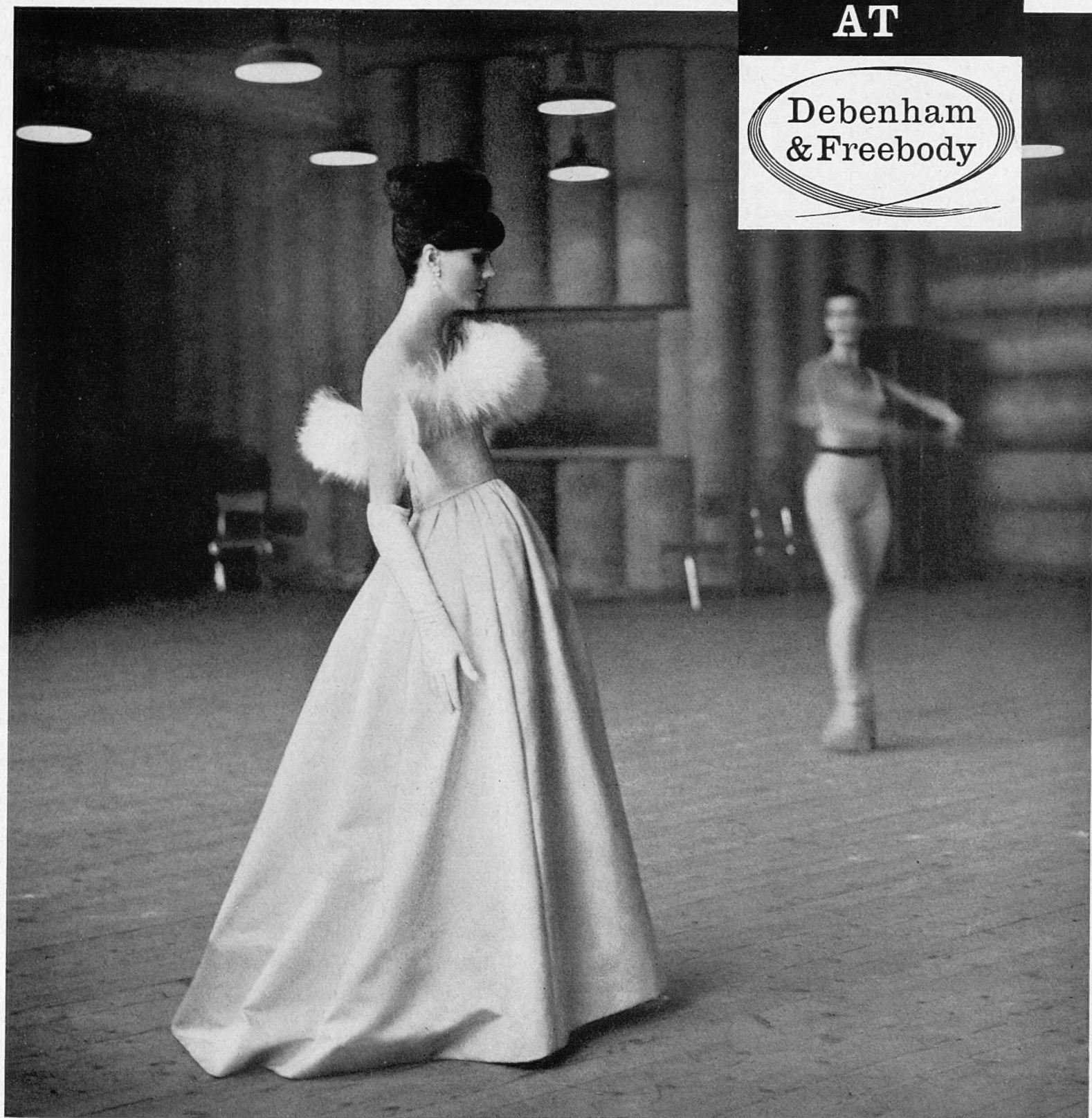
Ball dress of pink satin and osprey feathers.

*Photographed by Peter Clark specially for  
Debenham & Freebody in the rehearsal room of the  
Théâtre des Champs Elysées, Paris.*

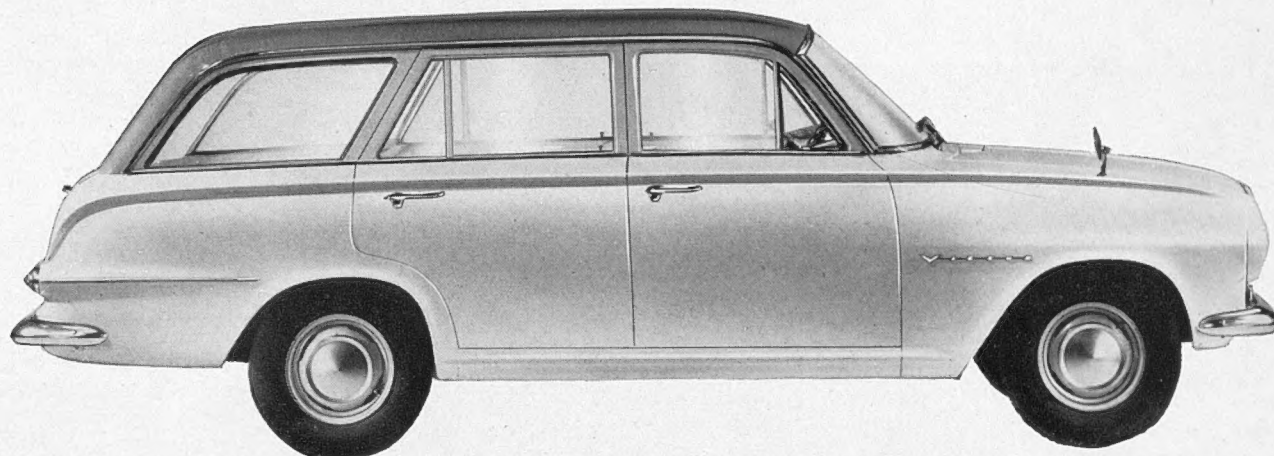
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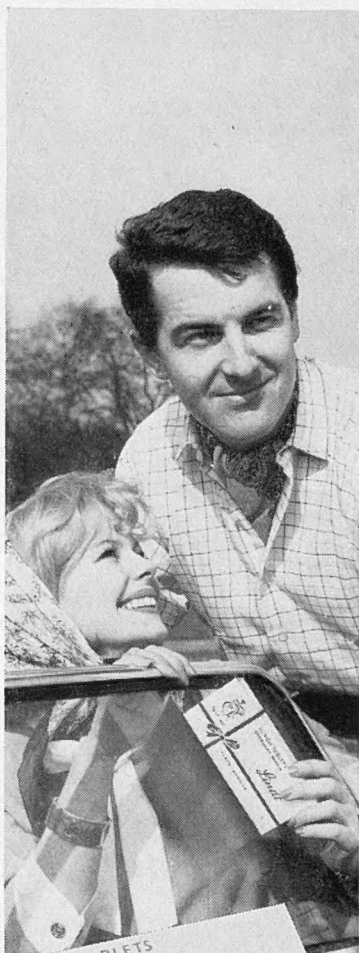
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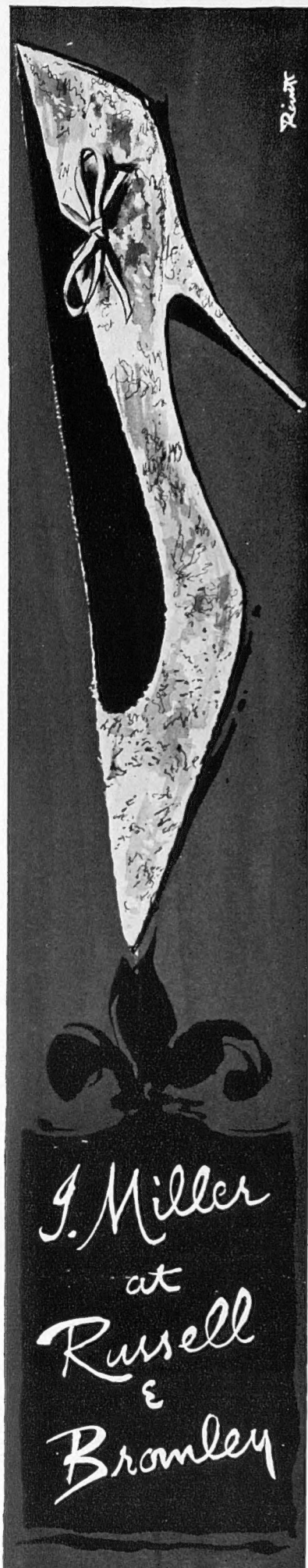
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# THE Tatler

& BYSTANDER 2s 6d WEEKLY

26 SEPTEMBER, 1962

Volume 246 Number 3187

<b>GOING PLACES</b>	670	In Britain
	674	Abroad: <i>by Doone Beal</i>
	iv	To eat: <i>by John Baker White</i>
<b>SOCIAL</b>	679	Sir John and Lady Nicholson on the Isle of Wight
	680	Muriel Bowen's column
	681	Lymington Junior Regatta
	682	Mrs. Patricia Hunter-Gordon's dance at Ballindoon House, Inverness
	684	Wedding of Captain Martin Dean and Miss Alison Geddes
<b>FEATURES</b>	686	A Prince at play: <i>photographs by Lisa Sheridan</i>
	688	I meet Mr. O.K.: <i>by Robert Wraight</i>
	691	Anatomy of Highgate: <i>photographs by Barry Swaebe, text by Patricia Welbourn</i>
	698	Lord Kilbracken
<b>FASHION</b>	699	Dressing for pleasure: <i>by Elizabeth Dickson</i>
<b>COUNTERSPY</b>	707	Hold everything!: <i>by Elizabeth Williamson</i>
<b>VERDICTS</b>	708	On plays: <i>by Alan Roberts</i>
	709	On films: <i>by Elspeth Grant</i>
	710	On books: <i>by Siriol Hugh-Jones</i>
	710	On records: <i>by Spike Hughes</i>
	715	On galleries: <i>by Robert Wraight</i>
<b>GOOD LOOKS</b>	716	Tells all: <i>by Elizabeth Williamson</i>
<b>OTHER PEOPLE'S BABIES</b>	717	
<b>MAN'S WORLD</b>	718	Mr. Amies sets the trend: <i>by David Morton</i>
<b>MOTORING</b>	719	The Consul Cortina: <i>by Dudley Noble</i>
<b>WEDDINGS &amp; ENGAGEMENTS</b>	720	Brides & brides-to-be
<b>ANTIQUES</b>	722	Pleasures of the table: <i>by Albert Adair</i>
<b>DINING IN</b>	725	Michaelmas sideline: <i>by Helen Burke</i>



A small boy with a big smile for his mother—two dogs and a sunshine setting, make the kind of picture that's hard to resist. Lisa Sheridan took the colour photograph of the Queen with Prince Andrew and Royal corgis Heather and Whisky in the grounds of Windsor Castle. For more pictures of the Prince at play turn to page 686. Other lively items in this issue include a visit to Oskar Kokoschka at his Swiss home (page 688), a portrait in pictures of Highgate village (page 691) and fashion that's really swinging to a Madison beat in Elizabeth Dickson's presentation, page 699 onwards

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# GOING PLACES

## SOCIAL & SPORTING

**Horse of the Year Show,** Wembley, 2-6 October.

**Women's Travel Club dinner-dance,** 2 October. (Details, Miss Shebbeare, GRO 9030.)

**Autumn Antiques Fair,** Town Hall, Chelsea, 3-13 October. (To be opened by Mr. Cecil Beaton.)

**Gala Performance** of Buster Keaton's *The Navigator*, National Film Theatre, 3 October, in aid of the Cinematograph Trade Benevolent Fund. (Tickets, £5 5s., £3 3s., £2 2s. REG 0061, ext. 17.)

**Women of the Year luncheon,** Savoy, 4 October. (Tickets, £2 10s., inc. wine & coffee, from Mrs. Vera Biggs, AMB 0191.)

**The Benenden Ball,** Mansion House, 5 October. (Tickets £2 10s. inc. dinner from Mrs. E. Dalrymple, Wycherleys, Benenden, Cranbrook, Kent.)

**Cesarewitch,** Newmarket, 6 October.

**Mermaid Ball,** Mansion House, 8 October, in aid of the Royal National Life-Boat Institution. (Tickets, £2 2s. inc. buffet supper, from Mrs. Susan With, Life-Boat House, 42 Grosvenor Gdns., S.W.1.)

**Wiltshire Red Cross Ball,** Charlton Park, Malmesbury, 12 October.

## RACE MEETINGS

**Flat:** Lingfield Park, today; Pontefract, today & 27; Ascot Heath, 27-29; Warwick, Lanark, Catterick Bridge, 29 September; Birmingham, 1; Newmarket, 3, 4 October. **Steeple-chasing:** Scone (Perth Hunt Meeting), today & 27; Hexham, Plumpton, 29 September; Hexham, Wye, 1; Worcester, Fontwell Park, 3 October.

## ANGLING

**International Deep Sea & Shark Angling Festival,** Looe, Cornwall, to 1 October.

## MUSICAL

**Covent Garden Opera.** *La Forza Del Destino*, 7 p.m., 28 September, 1, 3, 6, 9, 12 October; *La Bohème*, 7.30 p.m., 29 September; *Der Rosenkavalier*, 7 p.m., 2, 5, 8, 11 October; *Aida*, 7 p.m., 4 October. (cov 1066.)

**Royal Ballet,** Covent Garden. *Les Rendezvous*, *The Good Humoured Ladies*, *The Rite Of Spring*, 7.30 p.m., 10, 13, 17 October; *La Fille Mal Gardée*, 2.15 p.m., 13 October; *La Valse*, *The Two Pigeons*, 7.30 p.m., 16 October, 2.15 p.m., 20 October.

**Royal Festival Hall.** London Symphony Orchestra, cond. Lorin Maazel, tonight; London Philharmonic Orchestra & Choir, cond. John Pritchard, with Gina Bachauer (piano), 27 September; Philharmonia Orchestra, cond. Stanley Pope, with Julius Katchen (piano), 28 September. All 8 p.m. Sarah Vaughan & the George Shearing Quintet, 7.30 & 10 p.m., 29 September; Iso Elinson (piano), 3 p.m., 30 September; London Philharmonic Orchestra, cond. Josef Krips, with Fou Ts'ong (piano), 7.30 p.m., 30 September. (wat 3191.)



● A new leading lady—with a revolver in her garter and a snappy way with criminals—for the popular TV series *The Avengers* is Honor Blackman. She will be Patrick MacNee's permanent aid in his cavalier fight against crime when the series starts again on Saturday

## ART

**Kokoschka Exhibition,** Tate Gallery, to 10 November.

**Lord Mayor's Art Award Exhibition,** Guildhall Art Gallery, to 4 October.

**Oliffe Richmond,** sculptures, Molton Gallery, to 29 September.

## EXHIBITIONS

**Jewel of the Year Exhibition,** Christie's, to 30 September.

**London Salon of Photography,** R.W.S. Galleries, Conduit St., to 6 October.

**Winter Sports Exhibition,** Alexandra Palace, 29 September-6 October.

## FESTIVAL

**Cheltenham Festival of Literature,** 1-6 October.

## FIRST NIGHTS

**Old Vic.** *Peer Gynt*, tonight.

**Arts.** *Doctors Of Philosophy*, 2 October.

**Aldwych.** *Curtmantle*, 9 October.

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After a two-year delay, Samuel Goldwyn's film of the negro opera *Porgy & Bess* opens in London on Tuesday. In 1960, Mr. Goldwyn decided the only West End cinema that could do justice to the film (particularly to the sound track) was the Dominion. Consequently he had to wait until *South Pacific* ended its run. The wait will probably have been worth while. George Gershwin's *Porgy & Bess*, written in 1935, is the only American opera to achieve international success; it is also probably the only opera founded on jazz idioms. There was a stage production in London in 1953 when the Bess was a barely-known singer, Leontyne Price (now one of the world's greatest Aidas), and the dope pedlar Sportin' Life was played by Cab Calloway. In the film, these parts are played by Dorothy Dandridge and Sammy Davis Jnr. (right). Sidney Poitier (above, with Dorothy Dandridge) is the crippled Porgy with a consuming passion for the beautiful Bess. Other inhabitants of Catfish Row include Pearl Bailey and Diahann Carroll whose opening song *Summertime* is perhaps the show's best-known number. Otto Preminger directs







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## The Black Sea shore

BULGARIA SHARES THE BLACK SEA shores with Rumania, Russia and Turkey. Her beaches, stretching for 230 miles from Balchik in the north to Akhtopol near the Turkish frontier, are of broad yellow sands, forming an East European Riviera which is already highly popular with Scandinavians, Finns, Germans, Russians and others of the socialist states. The chief resorts are Golden Sands and Drujba, both near the big northern port of Varna; and Sunny Beach, near Bourgas, in the south. All of them have been man-made out of virgin coast within the past five years and the first impression, especially of Golden Sands, is of a venture which has cast quite an eye on Deauville for its layout, and even on Rio for its architecture. White, balconied buildings, some of them 10 storeys high, others elegantly long and low, are almost hidden in a natural park of birch and fir trees, with asphalt paths linking shops, night clubs and hotels. It has been very well done. The bathing is good, and the immense beaches survive even the acid test of a Sunday in August: a good 15 yards separates one umbrella from another. The cafés and restaurants are generally huge (too huge), with tiers of tables, each under its own striped umbrella. Music belts from the loudspeakers. This predilection towards something overtly western belongs, one suspects, to the Bulgarians themselves and is only incidental to attracting visitors. The national taste runs closer to Miami than it does to Portofino. Bulgarians love noise and gaiety and lights, and it is possibly for this reason that most of the restaurants have been built slightly apart from the hotels. Thus, one is equally likely to breakfast or dine in something called a casino. An exception is the Astoria Hotel, which has not only a cosy small bar but also a small dining-room decorated with great imagination, and surrounding a central patio. A six-piece orchestra of students play light classical music each evening until eleven. Beautifully. Upstairs is a good night club with a cabaret which starts around midnight. Each bedroom has a private balcony, shower and telephone. Altogether, the Astoria is quite comparable on an international level.

Both Drujba and Sunny Beach are less sophisticated, though totally different from each other. Drujba, built on a low cornice over a series of



small bays, has a quality of intimacy which the other resorts lack. It is quiet, rather rustic and pretty (a good hotel there is the Chaika). Sunny Beach, newest of the resorts, has an unfinished look about it, but a beach that stretches for miles. I cared not at all for its biggest hotel, the Globus, but was much attracted by the Saturn, which is built entirely on ground level, each bedroom opening on to its own piece of lawn through French windows. Sunny Beach has the same garden-city aspect as Golden Sands and a good night club, the Rusalka. A particularly attractive restaurant is called, quite simply, The Fish. Not attached to any of the hotels, it is right on the beach, low-built and stony, with sunken seats backed by huge fireplaces. The ambience there is far more indigenous to the country than are the big cafés, and it appeals accordingly. The fact is that these resorts are one gigantic experiment and within the State sponsorship of Balkan-tourist they contrive quite a variety. Compared with some resorts of western Europe, the atmosphere is agreeably casual: everybody walks straight out of their hotel, clad in a bikini, to the beach, stopping maybe to buy a huge bagful of peaches on the way. But it is frankly irrelevant to make this comparison at all for both the penalties and the rewards are quite different. Most west European resorts have evolved from small villages and have, therefore, more character. Those of Bulgaria have started from scratch. Nor can either the food or the service be compared, except that the latter is a good deal less grasping. But, judged by Balkan standards—those of northern Greece, Turkey and Yugoslavia—the rating is high. And the actual beaches, if not the amenities on them, compare favourably with most.

Bulgaria has a network of some half-dozen airports link-



*Bulgaria: Sunny Beach, a man-made pleasure spot on the Black Sea*

ing the capital with the resorts and also with the inland cities, including the old towns of Plovdiv and Tirnova. Air is the cheapest form of transport, and services are frequent. Yet, tiring though it can be—for the distances between one civilized point and another are immense—the best way to see the country is by car. Its soul and its beauty is embodied in its landscape. In the north east, the sense of illimitable distance, the remoteness, the light and the contours reminded me of Turkey. One evening after another, for always I tried to travel towards dusk, the smoking flamingo and clear green of the sunsets, the first bright stars, never ceased to enchant me. In the central plain, running down from Plovdiv to the coast, is the most intensively cultivated land I have ever seen. Feathery sisal, tobacco, strawberries, plums and apples; dark green clumps of cotton and, in July, a blaze of huge yellow sunflowers. Oleanders and geraniums grow wild.

Peasants, the men in baggy Turkish trousers, the women in headscarves and long skirts, move in slow caravans of wooden, ox-drawn carts, along the dusty roads. Never voice the comment: how picturesque! to any progressive Bulgarian. Even though this—which they find hard to understand—is the very flavour of the true Bulgaria of which one was in search.

It is because of the glorious journeys to and from them by road that Plovdiv and Tirnova

(both of them erstwhile capitals) are most worth visiting. Plovdiv's claim to fame is the magnificent golden Thracian treasure (unearthed by a peasant 10 years ago) which is in the museum there. And there is a certain beauty in its old quarter, especially when seen from the distance of one of the hills on which the city is built. Tirnova is a piled-up serpentine of a town, around which coils a river. It is especially lovely at night, starred by its lights. On the outskirts are several small monasteries and convents, of which the most interesting is the 13th-century convent at Abbanassi.

The convent's main building was destroyed by the Turks but the chapel has some lovely ikons. Each of the graves in the cemetery is hung with an oil lamp, a symbol of purity. And from its sun-parched orchard garden is a magnificent view over the mountains.

One or two hotels in each of the resorts remain open all year, though the season closes at the end of October. Swimming holds good until early November, one of the best times for a motor tour. By next year, there will be inclusive tours costing from £70-£80 for a fortnight, but of these I hope to write in more detail later. A businesslike tourist drive on the part of the Government has so far obviated any form of currency declaration or Customs, and they hope shortly to do the same with the visas.



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THE TATLER  
26 SEPTEMBER 1962

# THE CHAIRMAN PUTS TO SEA



For Sir John Nicholson, Bt., the new chairman of Martin's Bank, holidays mean sailing. During Cowes week (he is a member of the Squadron) he takes the helm of his South Coast One Design Vittoria, named after his wife. Lady Nicholson sails, but does not race; so do their daughters, with them here—Tessa, 18, and Louise, 12. Sir John lives in Cheshire and commutes daily into Liverpool and during the summer a two-week sailing holiday on the Isle of Wight is essential. While there, they borrow Mottistone Magna, near Freshwater, the home of Lord Mottistone a childhood friend of Sir John. There are also two sons; Charles, the elder, has been holidaying behind the Iron Curtain. Picture by Van Hallan. Muriel Bowen writes about other people's holidays overleaf



MURIEL BOWEN reports on

# Other people's holidays

FOR most of us the sun-drenched holiday life was all the more pleasant because the pace had slowed. But for some the sun was the only change—the pace had not changed at all.

In Majorca I found Mr. WHITNEY STRAIGHT and Mr. VANE IVANOVIC regularly getting up soon after 5 a.m. to go deep-sea fishing. For them the lure of the blue depths is irresistible. The feeling of weightlessness, 100-ft. below was described to me by Mr. Straight as “the nearest a human being can get to personally flying.”

Around mid morning they came ashore with some excellent catches. The bigger the fish the more thrilled they were. But Lady DAPHNE STRAIGHT and Mrs. IVANOVIC loved them all the more when they came back with something young, small and tasty for the table. “An old gristly creature can taste like nothing on earth!” according to Lady Daphne.

Several friends including the former U.S. Ambassador to Italy, Mrs. CLARE BOOTHE LUCE (now nearing 60 but still a very strong swimmer) joined them on several occasions. Friends though found that they didn't have the stamina to come regularly. And no wonder. Mr. Ivanovic runs 16 times (covering 4 miles) up and down the beach at Formentor every evening after the bathers come home, just to keep fit.

The Straight-Ivanovic partnership goes deeper than a liking for deep sea fishing. “Vane has the best under-water manners I've ever come across,” says Mr. Straight. Mr. Ivanovic is no less complimentary. “I like thoroughness, and when it comes to that you can't beat Whitney.”

They set off in Taro, Mr. Ivanovic's specially designed boat for under-water fishing which has bunks with sheets of white towelling, and after a couple of hours under water the swimmers come up with the knowledge that a breakfast of omelettes and red wine will be ready and waiting.

## A FAMILY THEATRE

Loveliest spot in Majorca is probably Formentor where the hotel's terraced gardens lead down to an uncrowded beach of fine silver sand. Staying there when I was there were: The MARQUESS & MARCHIONESS OF ZETLAND and their

daughter LADY SERENA DUNDAS, Mrs. A. MILLARD, Mr. & Mrs. FREDERICK HILTON, SIR DONALD & LADY BANKS, Mr. & Mrs. NORMAN C. OSBORNE, and Mr. & Mrs. RUDOLPH T. FREIMUTH. LORD & LADY MELCHETT were at their villa near the hotel—sailing by day and entertaining friends in the evening.

Others on the island included: Mme. M. BANAC and her son-in-law and daughter, Lt.-Col. NEIL MCLEAN, M.P., & Mrs. MCLEAN, CAPT. & Mrs. MICHAEL BOWATER. Mr. & Mrs. PETER DIMMOCK, Miss SARAH BECKETT and her sister, JULIET, and Mr. ROBERT GRAVES. Mr. Graves who is Professor of Poetry at Oxford now owns an amphitheatre in Majorca which has been cut out of the rocks near his home there. So far most of the acting has been done by the Graves family. But I hear that plans are afoot to extend its scope.

## ON AN EVEN KEEL

More people have been taking to the open sea. I hear that Mrs. TEDDY PARKINSON (whose husband is chairman of Sir Lindsay Parkinson) after years of hating the discomfort of her husband's sailing expeditions, loves their new yacht, Suniper. In addition to all the luxuries of present day motor yachts Suniper has something no sailing-for-fun motor yacht should be without: stabilizers. The Parkinsons' friends say that the Suniper is “a honey.”

Mr. R. DUTTON-FORSHAW who makes his London home at the Dorchester has been away in Cardigrae VI, magnificent successor of Cardigrae V. Friends whom he has entertained on board rave about the dining-room. “Just as elegant as anything in Chelsea—it even has the most exquisite crystal,” I was told. Cardigrae VI, built by Charles Nicholson, is 222 tons, has proved to be a good sea boat. Just as well. I hate to think of the sea sending lovely crystal crashing in pieces to the floor!

Mr. & Mrs. WILLIAM ARMSTRONG have been going to sea more modestly, and going wherever fancy took them. It was his last holiday before taking over as Permanent Secretary of the Treasury. Mr. Armstrong, I'm told, has a nice trait. He does not expect his crew to be slaves to the galley. He likes to plan things so he hits port for a good, solid, well-laced evening meal. Down in Monte

Carlo recently I chatted to Mr. WALTER FLACK, one of the men behind some of the tallest of London skyscrapers, about his new boat. It is superbly fitted, down to the ship to shore radio telephone. Even so he is already not only dreaming about a successor but planning one. “I'm very happy with the boat, it is just that I've been having new ideas, and new ideas are something you feel you must try out,” he told me.

## WHERE THE OTHERS WENT

Who else has been where? LADY PARKER OF WADDINGTON, taking things leisurely, set out for the U.S. on one of the Queens in July. Her husband, the Lord Chief Justice, followed later for one of those holidays beloved by those who hate-to-get-away from any of it. He's been in California for a couple of weeks as guest of the American Bar Association. Lord Parker should have no trouble with the language. After nearly 38 years of marriage his Kentucky-born wife still speaks an English deliciously peppered with Americanisms.

THE HON. SIR DAVID ORMSBY-GORE, our Ambassador in Washington, & LADY ORMSBY-GORE took to gumboots and old tweeds and enjoyed pottering about their place in Shropshire. Though the children kept him busy with such chores as piloting the family motor boat.

All in all it has been a good year for the fishermen. They seem to be more successful than most in finding the really remote spot. While the C.I.G.S. GEN. SIR RICHARD HULL was fishing in the West Country only the War Office knew how to find him. SIR PERCY RUGG took a rustic cottage for salmon fishing in Norway. His catch has now followed him home after being smoked at Stavananger. And by all accounts it was a good catch. Sir Percy having smoked salmon twice a day at home now wishes to goodness his friends wouldn't feed it to him when they ask him out to dinner!

## TOP PARTY GUEST

SIR PATRICK HENNESSY has been staying in the South of France for a holiday of swimming, reading (Ian Fleming “for a change”) and enjoying stimulating disagreements over good dinners with his friends. People famous for their dinner parties tell me that that they can put Sir Patrick at a table of duds and the result is a most successful party.



When in Cannes recently I found more British visitors than are usually to be seen there in the summer. Cannes, I think comes really into its own between 7 and 21 February each year when the first tee seems to be a refuge for those beaten by the weather at Wentworth and Sunningdale. One reason for the change is that increasingly there are more house parties of English people in the area, also more English people are renting villas there. At the Majestic I had a very good English afternoon tea (friends told me that the food there otherwise was very French) and those I saw there included: LADY LUCAS, Mr. & Mrs. HORACE TEMPLE, Mr. & Mrs. CECIL WOODS, MAJOR JOHN MANN THOMSON, Mr. & Mrs. HENRY MARSH, SIR DUDLEY CUNLIFFE-OWEN, and Mr. EDWARD ST. GEORGE.

#### IRISH HIGHLIGHTS

In Ireland, when I was there, Dublin and Killarney had been largely taken over by the Americans while the leading sporting spots had a large English clientele. SIR GEOFFREY & LADY CROWTHER (he, of course runs the successful Trust House chain) were at Ashford Castle, Cong. This is the former Guinness home overlooking Lough Corrib which Mr. NOEL HUGGARD turned into a most comfortable hotel 20 years ago and has run successfully ever since. Others holidaying there at the same time were: SIR OWEN & LADY WILLIAMS, Mr. & Mrs. C. W. F. PARKER, Mr. & Mrs. CEDRIC MORGAN, and Mr. & Mrs. PATRICK GEE. Down at the Butler Arms Hotel, Waterville, in Co. Kerry, one of the most noted of the Irish fishing hotels, Mr. M. H. PARSONS, Executive Director of the Bank of England, & Mrs. PARSONS, have been staying and so too have Mr. HUGH McCANN, Irish Ambassador in London, & Mrs. McCANN, and Lt.-GEN. SIR RICHARD & LADY GOODBODY.

#### TAILPIECE

A friend cycling through France with his young family found himself without change for the French farm worker who helped mend a puncture. As he fumbled in his pockets an Italian convertible came smartly to a halt and the driver offered to help. It was my friend's London bank manager!



## Salterns on the Solent



*Miss Ann Lewis, Timothy Fletcher, Tony Blachford and Miss Sylvia Rand*



*Alan Rand, Commodore of the Salterns Sailing Club, Miss Susan Sheaf and Mr. George Tilney, Vice-Commodore of the Lymington Town Sailing Club*

The Lymington Junior Regatta was run under the flags of the Royal Lymington Yacht Club and the Lymington Town Sailing Club. Among the contestants were members of the Salterns Sailing Club for children aged under 16

PHOTOGRAPHS: VAN HALLAN



*Miss Elizabeth Carr and Miss Lyn Powell launching their boat Running Bear*



*Julian and Ian Thompson competing in a GP14*





# The Ballindoun Revels

PHOTOGRAPHS: VAN HALLAN

Highland reels and the occasional Twist rocked Ballindoun, near Inverness, the home of Mr. & Mrs. Patrick Hunter Gordon, when they gave a dance for their daughter Alison, seen left with her mother



*Mr. Julian Birchall and Miss Jane Packe*



*Mr. Nicholas Barran and Miss Sarah Allsopp*



*Miss Susan Carew and Mr. John Grey*





*Miss Caroline Grahame Porter dancing with Capt. Angus Avery*



*Miss Frances-Mary Hunter Gordon and her younger brother, Richard, who left his bed to Twist*



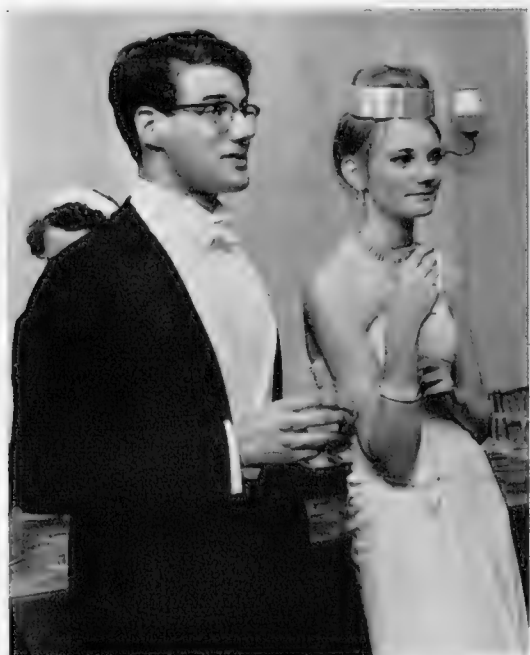
*Maj. & Mrs. H. A. C. Mackenzie*



*The Hon. Rose Keppel and Lord Lyell*



*Mr. Robert Grigor and Miss Elenor Sinclair*



*Mr. Simon Harcourt-Williams and Miss Gillian Bickford-Smith*



*Miss Fiona Grant, Mr. William Ritchie and Miss Elspeth Grant*



*A lone piper welcomed guests to the dance at Ballindoun*



## COUNTRY GIRL—TOWN BRIDE

PHOTOGRAPHS: BARRY SWAEBE

Miss Alison Geddes, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Reay Geddes, of Lubenham Lodge, Market Harborough, Leicestershire, was married to Captain Martin Dean, Coldstream Guards, son of Lt.-Col. & Mrs. F. L. Dean, of Glen Usk, Caerleon, Monmouthshire, at St. Michael's, Chester Square



*Lt.-Col. & Mrs. F. L. Dean, the groom's parents, receive Lady Cochrane*

*Mr. & Mrs. Reay Geddes, parents of the bride*





*Miss Rose Anderson, Miss Bridget Ferard and Mrs. James Ferard*



*Miss Susan Watkins and Capt. Jimmy James*



*Miss Mary-Louise Lord*



*Piers Geddes, bridesmaid Miss Anne Frost, Anthony Goodson, the pageboy and Mr. Duncan Geddes*



# A PRINCE AT PLAY

Children make endearing photographs without really trying, and Prince Andrew is no exception, especially when trailed by Lisa Sheridan's camera on a free-ranging trip through the grounds of Windsor Castle. These pictures are included in Mrs. Sheridan's 10th Royal book—published this week—called *A Day with Prince Andrew*







*The fountain looks fascinating . . . so do the flower beds . . . it's a stiff climb . . . back to mother*



# A MEETING WITH MR. O.K.

A retrospective exhibition of paintings, drawings and graphic work by OSKAR KOKOSCHKA is on show at the Tate Gallery until November 11. Robert Wraight, who recently visited Kokoschka in his home at Villeneuve on Lake Geneva, gives a portrait in words and pictures of the artist

THE man at the petrol station said "Of course, everyone knows Kokoschka. Go past the Castle of Chillon, take the turning on the left and you'll find his house just behind the Hotel Byron."

The house has no name and the number "1077" at the front door is only for the insurance man. But there is no mistaking it. Its Englishness proclaims its owner's love for this country, a love which until now has been no more than half-heartedly reciprocated. With its close-cropped lawn and its climbing roses the house could be set down in a Surrey lane and nothing, except perhaps its shutters, would betray its origin. For a man whose paintings are almost in the Picasso price-bracket (Mr. Charles Clore paid more than £20,000 recently for a portrait by him) it is a modest home, but then the trappings of success have never meant much to 76-year-old, Austrian-born, naturalized-British Oskar Kokoschka, C.B.E.

He came across the lawn to meet me, a powerfully built figure with a shock of silver-grey hair, cut in a fringe. He wore a butcher's apron with just enough traces of paint on it to dispel the impression that he had come from an abattoir. His face, lugubrious in repose, broke into a hundred welcoming cracks as he shook my hand in a massive fist. He began to talk, and continued to do so, with little prompting, for the next two or three hours, jumping from one subject to another with the avidity of a little boy at a party.

On the way into the house he stopped to sniff at a rose and exhorted me to do the same. I sniffed, at the same time trying to simulate the "Bisto kid" expression of rapture that wreathed his face. But, in fact, though I pride myself on the acuteness of my olfactory sense, the rose, while lovely to look at, seemed to be entirely without scent. Next, like two naughty children, we proceeded to hide the garden hose from view in case it should be thought that the drought laws (Villeneuve had been without rain for months) were being broken.

The house is on the site of an hotel in which Kokoschka stayed 50 years ago. Its garden falls in terraces down the last few hundred feet of a mountainside to the lakeside road which then echoed to the sound of horse traffic but is now filled with the roar of tourists' cars.



The Kokoschkas—Oskar and his Czech-born wife Olda—built their house here in 1953. "We gave our ideas to the architect and left him to it."

They have a magnificent view across Lake Geneva that is repeated inside their living room in a painting—one of the few of his own works the artist has kept. "It's to remind us what the lake is like when we can't see it for mist."

In the living-room, too, is his small collection of Greek and Roman sculptures and pottery and a striking lithograph self-portrait in which he has distorted his eyes and nose and ears in what we usually think of as a Picassoesque manner. "But I was first," he says. "That was done in 1920. I don't know why, but I just felt I

wanted to push the features around."

In his studio, a comfortable, carpeted room leading from the living-room, a big unfinished painting stood on an easel. It was, he said, a picture of Herodotus, but I was not fooled. The Greek historian was none other than "O.K." himself, wearing a toga (or whatever the Greeks' word for it was).

Kokoschka's preoccupation with classical subjects is a remarkable phenomenon in these days. He chuckles at the thought that he can "get away" with it but his admiration for the Greeks is very real. "We mustn't forget the Greeks—not imitate, that's sterile—but revive the ideal of the artist creating from a human urge," he says. And,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 690



*Painter and paintings. Kokoschka with (left) Herodotus, and (below) Theseus & Antiope in the background*





*At work: the artist's painting table, and (below) to relax, the Oskar Kokoschka whisky, specially bottled and labelled for him by the distillers. Left: the artist and his wife Olda at their home*



"Because I only do what I like I'm always fashionable." When I asked how he kept so young (he looks little more than 60) he replied, "Because I am always working. And because I am always fighting against something. What is it now? Mechanization. All this nonsense of going to the moon."

On his studio desk, along with a number of classical bronze figures, a jug of roses and a bottle of export strength Scotch whisky, labelled by the distillers "Oskar Kokoschka," were three toy soldiers. Or, rather, two soldiers and a sailor. He picked them up to show me.

"This is the Emperor Franz Josef," he said. "This is my brother, he was a sailor. And this is me. I was too weak for the infantry and too stupid for the artillery, so they put me in the cavalry."

He was speaking, of course, of the Kaiser's war in which he was very badly wounded and which cut short his first taste of fame as a leading figure among the progressive young painters in Berlin. But once a cavalryman, always a cavalryman even though you may hate war. Whenever he comes to London, and he comes almost every year, he stays in an hotel overlooking Hyde Park so that he can see the Household Cavalry riding past each day.

London has been one of the great loves of his life ever since his first visit

in 1925. With the exception only of Prague, his father's birthplace, he has painted London more than any other city. Last spring he spent every day for a month freezing on top of the new Metro-Vickers skyscraper at Millbank painting the latest of his many wonderful "portraits" of London's river. He had a one-man show here in 1927 but when he came back in 1938 as a refugee from the Hitler terror there was no welcoming committee to greet him. A proud anti-Nazi, he had scorned Hermann Goering's offer to make him the most favoured artist of the Third Reich and more than 400 of his works had been confiscated on the grounds that they were degenerate. He knew that in London he would have to begin all over again the fight for recognition.

It was slow to come. He became a British subject in 1947 and in 1949 a travelling exhibition of his pictures earned him acclaim all over America. But it was not until 1952, when the Institute of Contemporary Arts showed a collection of his watercolours and drawings, that the country of his adoption began to take notice of him. In spite of that he looks back on his "English years" with nostalgia. Much of our time together was filled with his reminiscences of London in wartime, when he and Olda lived in Park Lane,

in a top floor flat going cheap because no one else was foolhardy or courageous enough to brave the bombing.

Though Kokoschka's life has been tremendously hard he has never lost his zest for living; everything about life continues to be a source of wonder to him and his delight in simply being alive is infectious. An incorrigible humanitarian, he goes about doing good quietly and unobtrusively. His latest good deed is the gift, to an organization for helping destitute children in Europe, of a lively portrait of the recently canonized Father Vincent Pallotti.

It was this urge always to be giving that made him open his famous summer art school, the "School of Seeing," in 1953. Held every year for one month in a medieval fortress at Salzburg, it is open to amateurs—Kokoschka prefers them "because their minds are still open"—who come from all over the world. Next year its success will be crowned with an exhibition of students' work at the Sao Paulo Biennale.

Recognition has at last come to this remarkable man and artist in the fullest measure and, as he finishes a new painting in the quiet of his studio at Villeneuve and signs it "OK," Oskar Kokoschka can hardly help but feel with pride that his parents' choice of name for him was most felicitous.





# ANATOMY OF HIGHGATE

THE WHITTINGTON STONE AT THE FOOT OF THE HILL PROVIDED THE POINT OF DEPARTURE FOR PHOTOGRAPHER BARRY SWAEBE AND WRITER PATRICIA WELBOURN ON A TOUR OF OLD HIGHGATE, NOW THE CENTRE OF CONTROVERSY OVER THE PROPOSED ONE-WAY ROUTE OF HEAVY TRAFFIC THROUGH THE VILLAGE TO THE LONDON DOCKS AND MARKETS



**I**SLINGTON, Holloway, Tufnell Park and Kentish Town growl and thunder at the foot of the hill and beyond Highgate itself London has sent out long tentacles along the main drag north through the Finchleys and Southgate to Barnet and semi-urban Hertfordshire. But the Village remains a village despite the daily snarl-up of city-bound traffic along the High Street. It has preserved its appearance, its character and a habit of independent thought that has found its most recent expression in the formation of the "Save Highgate Committee" which seeks to avert the threat of a one-way lorry route through the village to the London docks. Support comes from the L.C.C. and from five borough councils as well as 200 busmen. But the real strength lies in the backing of some 13,500 local residents under the chairmanship of Mr. A. J. F. Doulton (pictured overleaf) Headmaster of the 400-year-old Highgate School.

In point of fact Highgate has resisted a considerable amount of change—and with good reason—for some centuries past. Enough historic sites,

buildings, monuments, parks and open, tree-bordered spaces have been preserved to refute utterly the prediction made by Howitt in 1869 that "it will be in vain to look for historical associations in Highgate in 50 years." Admittedly the Whittington Stone at the foot of Highgate Hill is only a modern replica but after all there's no actual proof that the future thrice-Lord-Mayor of London did pause to muse on his hard luck there until Bow Bells summoned him to destiny.

What's certain is that there has been a road up the steep hill for a good long time, since 1386 at all events when the hermit, William Lichfield, took gravel from the top of the hill to make a causeway between Islington and Highgate. Steep and treacherous, and unusable in winter, the state of the road could have accounted for the number of taverns (around 22) in the Highgate of that time—a long haul up a steep hill would have encouraged a mighty thirst. An alternative route, Archway Road, was built in 1813 to bypass the steep ascent of Highgate Hill but in 1876 the hill was paved and became the first steep-grade

tramway in England; for many years cable trains served the Village where buses now run.

The air of the northern height early attracted the rich and the great. Arundel House, home of Thomas Howard, the second Earl, stood on the hill. Sir Thomas Cornwallis, Comptroller of the household of Queen Mary, lived there before him and in 1554 the Princess Elizabeth lodged a night in it. The last wing of the house was pulled down in 1824. Nearby stands Lauderdale House, built in 1666—the year London burned. There King Charles II entertained Nell Gwynne and there too the royal mistress, seeking a title for her son, is reputed to have held the infant from a window crying "If you do not do something for him, I will drop him." The King, with some presence of mind, at once replied "God save the Earl of Burford." Andrew Marvell also lived on Highgate Hill, next door to the Nell Gwynne House. Marvell's home vanished in 1869 but a plaque records his residence.

At the summit stands Pond Square, so called for the two ponds formed by the gravel excavations of William the

hermit. The ponds themselves have long since disappeared but a water colour in the Highgate Literary and Scientific Institution depicts the original.

West Hill Lodge was the second residence of William and Mary Howitt. There Howitt wrote *The Northern Lights of London* and entertained such distinguished contemporaries as Hans Christian Andersen, Dante Gabriel Rossetti and Robert Buchanan. At Southwood Court, in 1305, Robert Bruce sought refuge disguised as a Carmelite friar and narrowly escaped capture thanks to the quick-witted Duke of Gloucester who sent a spur with a feather attached (symbol of haste) to warn him of danger. Ken Wood—home of the Iveagh Bequest, the Holly Lodge Estate, the Old Hall (dating from the reign of William and Mary) swell a long catalogue of places and events that record Highgate's past.

Its future is less certain though some local residents have few doubts. Says Mr. Yehudi Menuhin: "London is the most wonderful city in the world. It is unique in its history of 1,000 years of unbroken civilization. To be in



*The Flask Inn (left) is one of Highgate's oldest and most popular pubs. Tradition links it with such London notables as Hogarth and Dick Turpin. The cellar is said to have connected with an underground passage. Pond Square (below) now minus ponds is a play area for children*

## ANATOMY OF HIGHGATE



the middle of it and to have at the same time one's own world where one can collect one's thoughts, work quietly . . . it's a rare gift."

Certainly Highgate, situated in three densely-populated and industrialized London boroughs—St. Pancras, Islington and Hornsey—does seem to offer its residents the best of both worlds. True the village green has gone, some of the walks, parks and buildings have disappeared, but the essential intimacy of village life persists. And with all that there is something for pretty well everybody—except a coffee bar. But the village retains its penchant for pubs (there are 10 now) for clubs and groups and the neighbourly exchange of hospitality, political opinion and local news. New faces continue to appear, musicians, writers, artists. And all sooner or later come to echo the local creed. "Highgate, I wouldn't live anywhere else." For whether an accident of birth placed them there, or whether they chose it for themselves, Highgate belongs to its residents and with the pride of possession goes an understandably obstinate desire to protect it.

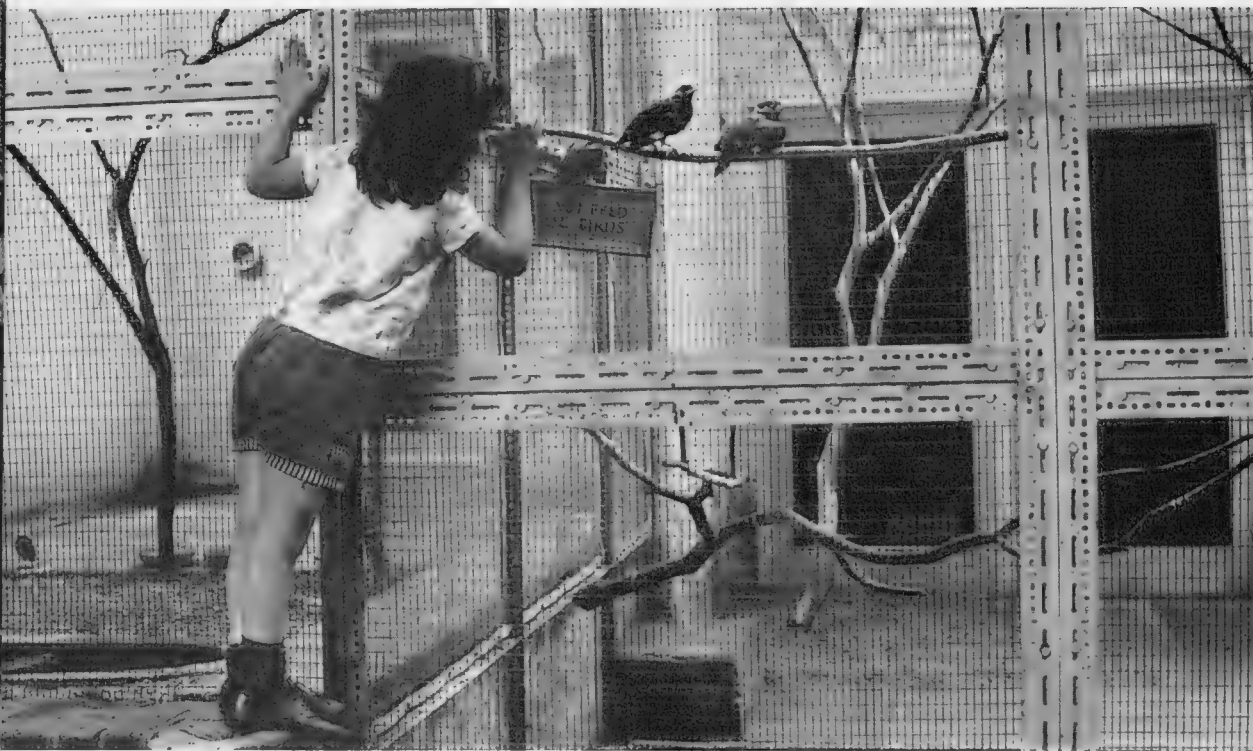
*Old and new Highgate. The High Point flat block (above right) was built in 1935-36 and rises 600 feet above London giving a complete panoramic view of the city. Modern block of houses (right) in Jackson's Lane is typical of much contemporary domestic architecture in the district. Houses (far right) in the quiet tree-lined Grove date from the 16th and 17th centuries*



## The village pattern

*No. 3 The Grove was the Highgate home of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. The 19 years he spent in Highgate Village were among the quietest in the poet's restless and self-tormented life. He died at No. 3 in 1834 and is buried in a vault under Highgate School*





Sir Sydney Waterlow, a former Lord Mayor of London, gave Waterlow Park to the London County Council in October 1891 as a "garden for the gardenless." It has since become a popular haven for Highgate residents. Big attraction is the Mynah bird who delights children and adults alike with the raucous query "Ow's your father?" and answers "All right!"

#### ANATOMY OF HIGHGATE

Mr. A. J. F. Doulton (right) is headmaster of Highgate School (below) and chairman of the "Save Highgate" Committee. He describes the proposed lorry route as "poor" planning. His school has 920 boys who cross the road in groups of 200 at various times "as far as hospitals are concerned, in emergency cases the delay caused by the alternative route could mean the difference between life and death." A Highgate resident for 7½ years and active in local organizations, he says: "It's not like most parts of London where you don't know your neighbours"







Lady Crosfield (above) has lived in this house for 40 years. She says of Highgate: "One can't harbour any evil thoughts against anybody . . . living here." Of Greek origin she visits the Greek islands for sunshine once a year but returns happily to her own well-planned gardens with their lawns, tennis courts and Italian statuary. Noted for her annual pre-Wimbledon parties she had to cancel this year's when she attended the Royal wedding in Athens.

Left: The entrance to the garden of Old Hall, a William & Mary mansion that now contains flats

Sir James Brown (right), president of the Highgate Literary & Scientific Institution, has been a resident for 35 years and is a keen local historian "the extraordinary thing about Highgate is that it's still a true village." The Coat of Arms above him was granted to a local innkeeper by Queen Victoria in 1837 for saving her from an accident in her carriage on the hill and is now the property of the Institution. Sir James's group has a membership of nearly 500



Mr. George Whipple (above) is chairman and managing director of Hilger & Watts Ltd., and subsidiary companies, who manufactured some of the ground control equipment used at Cape Canaveral. He has lived in Highgate 26 years. His fish pond in the garden is built over 400-year-old cellars, the house was used as a pub until 200 years ago



*Dr. Neville Goodman, Deputy Chief Medical Officer at the Ministry of Health, has lived in Highgate for 12 years with his wife and their elderly pug Percy. "In the sense that we're proud of Highgate, we're snobs." He feels their district, the Grove, is really a community and he takes a special pride in tending the lawns and flower beds behind his 17th century house. He collects bronze statuettes; prized possession is a Rodin hand*

## ANATOMY OF HIGHGATE

# The people in the Pattern

### CONCLUDED

*Sir Campbell Stuart (below) with his dachshund Hans, hails from Montreal but has lived 40 years in England. A Highgate resident for 10 years he is vice-president of the Pilgrims and a director of The Times. Having now retired from a number of other directorships, Sir Campbell spends much time working in his garden. He says: "I wouldn't live anywhere else"*





Mr. William E. Atkins, the local pork butcher ("I get fed up with sausages") comes from a family of Highgate butchers who have occupied the same building since 1820. Mr. Atkins has never lived outside Highgate apart from the war years, has no wish to do so now

Mr. Montague d'Aron (below) has been a Highgate antique dealer, specializing in watches and clocks, since 1947. His shop, nearly 300 years old, was once a bakehouse; the ovens are still to be seen in the cellar. "This place has something nowhere has got, it grows on you"



Mr. A. Charles King, a Highgate resident since 1936 and its unofficial historian, was a pioneer in anaesthetic equipment. A world traveller, his home is packed with mementoes of his experiences. He is shown here indicating the God of Happiness, a Chinese figure which he bought for £5 at an auction of the effects of H. G. Wells. Right: Traffic trails by night in Archway Road

Mr. Yehudi Menuhin (left) has lived in Highgate three years while still retaining homes in California and Switzerland. "We haven't moved from anywhere, we've only added." At present he is engaged in adding a sound-proof studio to his 16th century house. "Foxy (the Siamese) came with the house, we're only here by sufferance"



Lord Kilbracken

# How I lost my Seraphina

I HAVE just become the happy owner, albeit *in absentia*, of LOT 75: Vol. 108 FRIARSTOWN COLLIE 10th (HGZU 29), which is the prosaic if enigmatic way in which the catalogue identifies a roan shorthorn heifer born last December into the famous Friarstown herd at Friarstown House, Limerick. It is seldom disputed that this was the premier shorthorn herd in Ireland till its dispersal by auction this month, following the death of its owner, the incomparable Mrs. Hastings. At successive Ballsbridge shows she regularly walked away with all the important trophies: she won the Lady Desart Cup, for the highest yielding heifer in Ireland, no fewer than five times in succession, an even more remarkable achievement when you consider that it has to be won, *ex hypothesi*, by a different beast each year. She also won on nine occasions the McCarthy Memorial Cup for Ireland's highest yielding cow.

But her greatest triumph was the magnificent red bull, Friarstown Wild Seraph 2nd, which was the supreme champion at the R.D.S. in 1960, and which I then saw sold by public auction, amid scenes of wild excitement, for 3,000 guineas. This was a record price for Ireland and has never been bettered in Britain. In its 27 years, the herd produced sixteen 100,000-lb. cows—which means (I should inform the layman) that each in her life produced over 40 tons of milk, or enough to supply their daily pinta to 80,000 citizens.

As soon as it became known that the whole Friarstown herd—48 cows, 3 bulls, 33 heifers, 13 heifer calves—was to be put up for auction, an eager flutter of acquisitive excitement ran through the hearts of numberless shorthorn breeders (including mine). Buying a dairy cow is always so tricky. At almost all fairs and marts, you have little way of knowing anything for certain of the history, and

the all-important genealogy, of a cow that comes up for sale. Moreover there is always the question: why is she being sold? A farmer parts very hardly with “a right good cow,” and it is impossible to avoid the fear that he is passing her on because she has somehow “gone wrong.” And there are so many ways in which cows *can* go wrong—and in which such faults can be temporarily concealed by unscrupulous dealers. But when, owing to the owner's death, a famous herd comes up for sale whose breeding and milking history is part of the country's farming annals, no such fears exist. And a Friarstown aristocrat could become the foundation cow on which a whole new herd could be built.

I was determined, if conceivably possible, to import into my herd a few drops, at least, of this famous bovine blood. There were only two difficulties. Firstly, I was the least little bit *désargenté*, and I knew very well that no Friarstown lady would go for a song. How much would be paid, for instance, for Friarstown Seraphina, the eight-year-old mother of the 3,000-guinea bull? She was Supreme Champion at the R.D.S. in 1957; she was Champion of Belfast; she was four times Champion of Limerick and four times Champion of Cork. She won, in her year, the Lady Desart Cup, and she has averaged 13,694 pounds of milk on each of her first five lactations. Secondly, believe it or not, I was on business in the South of France (not a thousand miles from Monte Carlo), and it became obvious that I might not be able to get away myself to be present at the sale. However, there is a remedy to being *désargenté* if you are not a thousand miles from Monte Carlo; and accordingly, one fine evening, I went up to the Casino to try to win a cow.

I reckoned that £40 would be needed even to buy a calf (in the event a calf


*two days old*, admittedly Seraphina's, fetched 62 guineas), and that the yearling heifers would make anything from £60 to perhaps twice that figure. This indeed they did, and a 14-month-old daughter of Seraphina went as high as 300 guineas. It would be necessary, I felt sure, to “go the three figures”—in other words, to pay over £100—for a cow or springing heifer; and I guessed that it might be necessary to go the *four* figures for Seraphina herself. (Actually, she fetched only 400 guineas, which I consider a real bargain.)

I started off at roulette. The wheel spun right for me and within 10 minutes I'd managed to win a calf. This was just in the process of becoming a yearling heifer when the craps game started; I transferred my attention to it, and the sevens and elevens flowed in such a stream that I was soon showing a profit of 1,400 new francs. The moment of truth had now arrived. If I stopped, I had already won my cow; should I set my sights on Seraphina herself? The conflict was settled for me when I heard the croupier's call from a chemmy table nearby: “*Un banco de 400 francs est demandé.*” If I took it and won, I would go on; if I lost, I would leave with my 1,000—enough for a yearling anyway.

“*Banco,*” I said.

I was dealt two deuces and requested *une carte*; the dealer showed his hand—*baccarat*. He threw me a beautiful four and my bet looked home and dry; he could only win if he now drew a 9. But out from the shoe for him slid the Curse of Scotland; and Seraphina—alas—slid simultaneously away from me. I left with my 1,000 francs—the equivalent, more or less, of £75. And that is the exact price which Johnnie, following my careful instructions, paid for Collie 10th—a granddaughter of Seraphina, by her son, Friarstown Royal Seraph, out of Friarstown Collie 8th—at the sale a few days later.





Sweater dress for discotheque dancing. Box-pleated skirt mounted on a camisole top emerges from a chunky Sloppy Joe in geranium red wool. Skirt and sailor collar in black jersey. SanClair. 8½ gns. Branches of Peter Robinson.

Whether the Madison will hit or miss as a successor to the Twist is anybody's guess. But what's certain is that the leisure clothes chosen here by Elizabeth Dickson and keyed to a swinging tempo are made to live for pleasure long after both crazes have passed

# DRESSING FOR PLEASURE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY VIC SINGH / Hair by Irving at Richard Henry



Marigold wool tunic has a double row of frills around the hem, is bare of collar and sleeves. Young Jaeger Shop. 9 gns. Collar necklace and matching clasp bracelet in brown beads, Harvey Nichols Little Shop. Patent shoes, Charles Jourdan

The tunic cut to follow the line of the figure and chosen in a snappy plaid. Black and white checked wool with bands of black wool to edge the collarless neckline and hem. Kiki Byrne. 18 gns.











Borrowed from his clothes cupboard, the look of Tattersall checks and weskit. Two-piece casuals in smoke grey tweed, the hip skirt with buttoned flap in the front, the single-breasted weskit with thumb pockets and narrow revers. Long-sleeved shirt in cotton check. 61 Shop, Park Lane. 18 gns.

Sparkling asset at all the best parties, informal dance dress in gold cloqué. Full, gored skirt and blouson top, the waist inset with a cummerbund. Gina Couture. About 20½ gns. Fenwicks



Career and leisure hour fashion basic, the black wool dress. In a curvy shape with full skirt and short sleeves, the waist with a self-belt and the skirt given extra hemline flattery by a row of cartridge frilling. Sambo. 5½ gns. Fifth Avenue

Fluid, full-skirted little dress in soft white wool. To make the most of a diminutive waist the bodice curves up in the front to show a black patent contourbelt. Hildebrand. 7 gns. Richard Shops, Oxford Street & Regent Street







## OUT OF TOWN STOCKISTS

P. 704

Sambo black wool dress at: Renée Shaw, Sutton;  
David Morgan, Cardiff.

P. 703

Gina Couture dress at: Edith Dennett, Wilmslow;  
Ruby Mills, Belfast.

P. 700

Young Jaeger marigold wool dress at: Jaeger,  
Brighton and Glasgow.

P. 705

Hildebrand white tweed dress at: Macy's  
Fashions, Plymouth; Joan Barrie, Bolton.

Very social, go-anywhere number in toast frieze tweed. Flarey skirt has an inverted pleat at the front; sleeveless, figure-hugging top is circled at the hips with bands of black and white. Leather binding and tiny boot buttons at the neck. Bazaar, Knightsbridge and Chelsea branches. 45 gns. Patent pumps, Saxone





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# HOLD EVERYTHING!

THE CARRY-ALL IS BASIC TO MODERN LIVING for nobody who has one could possibly manage without. It accommodates a day's shopping, a weekend's clothes, without straining a strap or a zip. On this page are presented seven of the best. Some could pass as outsize handbags at airports, others have built-in facilities like a special shoe compartment or waterproof linings for beach use. And one is so light it weighs a whisper.

Hold everything and visit a new shop, Gucci, in New Bond Street where all that superb Italian leathership which one longed for when down to the last few thousand lire in Venice is available on the doorstep. It is in the same fine tradition as their shops in Milan, Rome, Montecatini, New York and Palm Beach. Starred from their collection is a deep black, compulsively touchable leather bag (1) big-banded in red and green hessian with its own set of locks and keys: £48 10s. The dark roast of coffee bean brown calf makes a bag (2) with super capacity and a secret compartment for shoes, a waterproofed lining: £50.

Hold everything and journey to the ends of the earth with the coach-hide Gladstone (in the big picture) with a checked linen lining: 18 gns. from Harrods. The running shoes in glove-soft leather are made by Charles Jourdan, cost 3½ gns.

Hold everything for a weekend in Paris with this French black grained rolypoly bag (3) from Hermès in Jermyn Street. Plus a blink-red lining: £75.

Hold everything with Revelation's whisper-light zip-up (4) with its special wide opening: £3 9s. 6d. Hold everything and see the good-looking leather in Liberty's luggage department. Navy canvas Gladstone (5) red striped costs £12 19s. 6d. The almost oblong, hunky holdall (6) in black leather from Italy would pass as cabin luggage: £35.

COUNTERSPY BY  
ELIZABETH WILLIAMSON

# VERDICTS

PLAYS

ALAN ROBERTS

**TEN LITTLE NIGGERS** ST. MARTIN'S THEATRE  
(JOHN ROBINSON, ANN CASTLE, ROBIN HUNTER)  
**BREAKING POINT** LYRIC THEATRE (JOHN  
GREGSON, ROBERT BEATTY, PAUL MASSIE)

## What price togetherness?

THE IDEA OF EXHUMING THE *Ten Little Niggers* was, of course, preposterous, all the more so because since its original short (by Agatha Christie standards) run 19 years ago it has been dragged out of its grave and dressed up again and again for radio, television and the cinema. No doubt some smart boy thought that by opening up with it right next door to *The Mousetrap* (at the Ambassadors) some of the phenomenal success of that perennial Christie gold mine might rub off on to him.

Those were my uncharitable sentiments on the way to the St. Martin's and they seemed wholly justified when, after the curtain rose, it soon became apparent that apart from sticking a few abstract paintings on the walls of the set and inserting an occasional modern phrase into the dialogue ("That girl secretary's rather with it, eh?") absolutely no effort had been made to bring the play up to date.

I made up my mind that I was in for a tedious evening (oh yes, critics do that sort of thing). You see, I dislike whodunits in general, and Agatha Christie's in particular. Between you and me I'm such a duffer at them they give me an inferiority complex, and that makes me feel superior about them. Mind you, it was a bit different this time because I had seen *Ten Little Niggers* on the telly so recently that I knew before the start which of the 10 characters stranded on Nigger Island was the mass murderer.

For want of something better to do I watched closely for the clues that would give him away. I watched for nearly the whole of Act One. Then, while I was still watching, Miss Christie bumped him off. Obviously she had made far more extensive changes than I had foreseen. Or could it possibly be that my memory was at fault?

Early in Act Two when, with two down and eight to go, old General Mackenzie raised his hands to strangle the pretty secretary, it all came back. Of course! the potty old General was the murderer. I remembered it all and settled down for a little snooze to pass the time more quickly. Then suddenly someone screamed, "Good God! There's a knife in Mackenzie's back!"



*In their home beneath the ice, members of the Arctic expedition Robert Beatty, Paul Massie and Michael Atkinson prepare for a visitor in **BREAKING POINT** at the Lyric Theatre*

Need I go on? One after the other my suspects were killed off—the poisonous old maid, the self-styled ex-policeman, the nervy nerve specialist, the lugubrious judge and the brash young Army captain—until I was convinced that Miss Christie had rewritten the whole thing and put an eleventh man on the island. Now I realize, of course, that I had once again been taken for a ride up the garden path on a shoal of Christie red herrings. It's preposterous the way that woman is allowed to go on getting away with murder.

**Breaking Point**, though written by William Fairchild, is virtually Agatha Christie on ice, a whodunit in the Arctic Circle. But, cunningly, Mr. Fairchild conceals this fact during the whole of the first act and gives us an engaging variation on the old six-men-in-a-boat theme.

This time the six are two Canadians, two Englishmen, a "displaced cook" and a millionaire's son, and their "boat" is "a wooden hut 20 feet beneath the surface of the snow on MacGowran Island in the Canadian Arctic." There, when the play opens, they have been getting on each other's nerves for two months and, as their leader (John Gregson) puts it, "are beginning to look like a bunch of sex-starved penguins."

Ostensibly the expedition is a serious scientific one looking for uranium and doing a bit of research into the sex life of seals on the side. In fact it has been sponsored by a tough, self-made millionaire in the hope that it will turn his weakling son into a replica of himself.

At the end of a first act of hairy-chested clichés spiced with smatterings of technical

talk ("Take the Geiger counter down to zero" or somesuch) it is learned, without regret by those on the stage and without surprise by us in the audience, that the millionaire's son is missing (and, since the temperature outside is 48 below) presumed dead.

At this stage in the proceedings we consulted our programmes and seeing no signs of a Mountie on the horizon, asked ourselves how Mr. Fairchild could possibly keep us in his icy grip (which, clichés or no clichés, he had done until then) for two more acts. The answer is that he could not. But he did hold on for another one, in which the millionaire (a smooth but superficial performance by Robert Ayres) appeared on the scene and instituted a successful search for his son's body which proved that the boy died, like Miss Christie's General, with a knife in his back (or perhaps it was his front).

That left us with a whole act of pretty ordinary whodunit, thinly disguised with a whiff of homosexuality and with the millionaire playing policeman, and an unconvincing denouement that left a lot of untidy ends dangling. Still, I expect the personal attractions that Messrs. Gregson, Beatty and Massie bring to the stock figures of the expedition leader ("a cross between a frustrated naval officer and an over-eager Boy Scout"), the old-timer (a lovable old bear who remembers the days before caterpillars replaced dogs) and the poetry-reading intellectual (who is not quite as other men are), will keep Mr. Fairchild's expedition going in Shaftesbury Avenue until the Arctic winter sets in there. Which, come to think of it, won't be long now.



## FILMS

## ELSPETH GRANT

**ADVISE & CONSENT** DIRECTOR OTTO PREMINGER (HENRY FONDA, CHARLES LAUGHTON, DON MURRAY, PETER LAWFORD) **LA BELLE AMERICAINE** DIRECTOR ROBERT DHERY (ROBERT DHERY, COLETTE BROSSET) **THE BOYS** DIRECTOR SIDNEY FURIE (RICHARD TODD, ROBERT MORLEY, FELIX AYLMEYER, JESS CONRAD)

## My advice—see it twice

IN HIS SUPERBLY CAST AND BRILLIANTLY ACTED film, *Advise & Consent*, Mr. Otto Preminger takes such a formidable swipe at American politics that I rather wondered if he would ever dare show his face in Washington again. Now, having met the gentleman, I realize he'd have nothing to fear. Bland, quick-witted and an adept at administering the retort devastating, he is clearly a match for any politician. As he confessed, with modest pride, he knew just how to deal with such Senators as protested against the film: he simply gagged them—or stunned them into silence—with a series of charity premières. What fun! All the same, I suspect the film must have somewhat shocked the U.S. electorate with its suggestion of base intrigue and ruthless blackmail in high places.

When the ailing President (Mr. Franchot Tone) nominates Mr. Henry Fonda as his new Secretary of State, a committee is formed to investigate his suitability before the Senate is asked to (in the curious phrase) "advise and consent to" the appointment. It is headed by Mr. Don Murray, an upright, obstinate young man who strives to be impartial—and includes the wily old Senator for South Carolina (Mr. Charles Laughton, looking like an unmade feather-bed) who is bitterly prejudiced against Mr. Fonda.

It is Mr. Laughton who produces a mentally unstable clerk (Mr. Burgess Meredith) to testify that Mr. Fonda was once a Communist. To discredit the witness and to save his own career and that of a friend (Mr. Paul McGrath), Mr. Fonda lies under oath. He admits this to the President and asks him to withdraw his nomination; the President refuses on the grounds that he would lose face if he did—though he risks a public scandal should the truth about his nominee ever come out. Mr. Laughton is the man to see that it does—just far enough to suit his book, at any rate.

He prises from Mr. McGrath a statement that Mr. Fonda was, years ago, a member of a Communist cell—and passes this damning information to Mr. Murray, who threatens to reveal it if the President does not immediately make another nomination. To curry favour with the President's party, an ambitious senator, Mr. George Grizzard, takes it upon himself to bring Mr. Murray to heel: he blackmails him with evidence of his homosexuality while in the army. Mr. Murray commits suicide—and Mr. Grizzard is promptly disowned by the party whose interests he has so diabolically served.

Mr. Fonda's nomination stands—but only until the President's death, at the very moment when the Senate is voting on the appointment, alters the situation: Senators who had been bound by loyalty to the

President are now at liberty to vote as they personally please. The excitement of the closing scenes is intense and amply compensates for the slowness of the opening ones in which the stage is laboriously set for the drama that is to follow.

Though Mr. Laughton tends to steal the picture with his portrait of "a powerful, devious man" there are some other excellent performances—from, for instance, Mr. Walter Pidgeon as the urbane Senate Majority Leader and Mr. Lew Ayres as the quietly authoritative Vice-President. Miss Gene Tierney is wonderfully decorative as a society hostess (the superficially irreproachable Mr. Pidgeon's mistress, incidentally) and, indeed, absolutely everybody is admirable—except the little girl who is introduced to prove that Mr. Murray has long since reformed and is now a happy husband and father: she should be in a Victorian melodrama—or maybe the Poto-mac or the East River or something—but not in this picture.

The film contains a good deal of sardonic humour (note how Mr. Grizzard is bullied into submission by the party whip while Mr. Pidgeon is lyrically describing the Senate as "this Citadel of Freedom") and I can warmly recommend it. I saw it twice, of my own choice—so it *must* be good.

The engaging M. Robert Dhery (of *La Plume De Ma Tante* fame) is a little sad that his film, *La Belle Americaine*, has been dubbed into English for distribution here. If it could be shown in America with French dialogue and English subtitles, why not in this country? Why not, indeed? With the Common Market looming ever larger on our horizon, surely we should take every possible opportunity to brush up on our European languages. That the comedy survives the dubbing so well is due to the

delightful performances of M. Dhery and his wife, Mlle. Colette Brosset.

M. Dhery, a factory worker, buys a spectacular, low-slung, white American convertible (long enough to have a bowling alley in the back) from a widow: she lets him have it for an absurdly low price to spite her late husband's secretary, who is to have either the car or the proceeds of its sale. He is, of course, delighted and the neighbours are naturally impressed—and a status symbol such as *La Belle Americaine* is bound to make a difference to his life. For a start, it gets him sacked from his job—then, by way of compensation, it lands him at a diplomatic reception and makes him a valuable friend, the Minister of Commerce, no less. And so on, merrily, towards the moment when he decides to put it to a really practical use—and becomes the classiest itinerant ice-cream vendor in the whole of France.

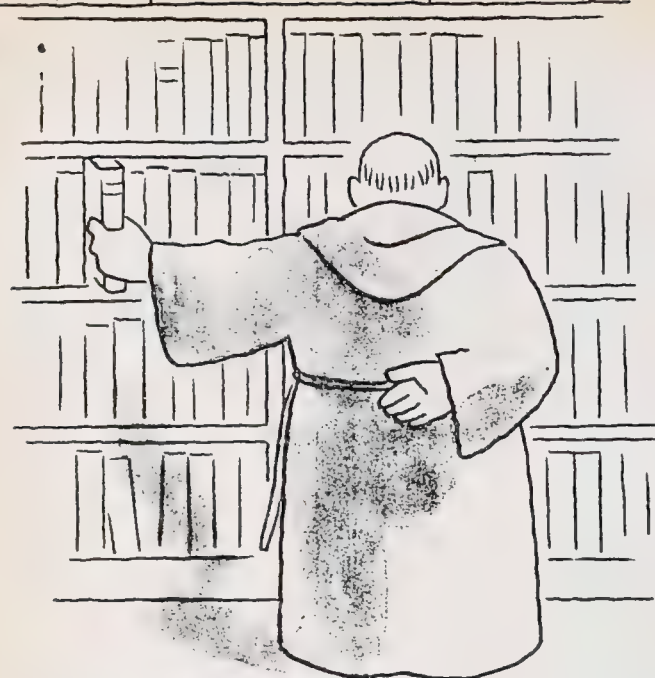
In *The Boys*, four youths are charged with robbing and killing an elderly garage hand. Mr. Richard Todd, prosecuting, endeavours to show that they are beastly young hooligans—and witnesses of their behaviour on the fatal night seem to confirm his point. Ah, says Mr. Robert Morley, defending, but these are prejudiced witnesses who are ready to put the worst construction on the boys' actions simply because they don't like the Teddy-boy clothes they wear: he can produce a young man of unimpeachable character who goes similarly clad—but is (this just *had* to be) an assistant priest.

O.K. We've been told we must not judge people by their dress—and we agree. So what are we to make of it when it turns out that three of the accused *did* commit the murder? If the film was intended as a plea for tolerance for Teds, it seems to me to have defeated its own ends.



Richard Beymer (left) in the film *ADVENTURES OF A YOUNG MAN* which is based on Ernest Hemingway's early autobiographical stories. With him: Eli Wallach





Two views of the gentle monk Sebastian, created by the American cartoonist Chon (for Chauncey) Day. His further adventures can be followed in *BROTHER SEBASTIAN* published by Souvenir Press at 7s. 6d. and out tomorrow

## BOOKS SIRIOL HUGH-JONES

**SPRIGHTLY RUNNING** BY JOHN WAIN (MACMILLAN, 25s.) **THE WORLD OF COLIN WILSON** BY SIDNEY CAMPION (MULLER, 25s.) **CHARLES** BY VICTORIA LINCOLN (GOLLANCZ, 21s.) **MRS. BROWNING** BY ALTHEA HAYTER (FABER, 30s.) **CONSTANTLY IN PURSUIT** BY PATRICK HAMILTON (HUTCHINSON, 18s.) **THE FRED ASTAIRE DANCE BOOK** (SOUVENIR PRESS, 30s.)

### Poets and plastic plates

JOHN WAIN'S "PART OF AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY," *Sprightly Running*, is described, maybe a touch boldly, by the publishers as being "modelled after the great retrospective autobiographies such as *The Prelude* and *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, at which some disenchanted reviewer may be perhaps forgiven a long low whistle. Two years after finishing the book, Mr. Wain is still a relatively young man of 37, yet the way he looks back on his life is more like the ponderous reminiscing of an aged sage on the threshold of the life hereafter. All his life, it seems, Mr. Wain has taken himself very seriously indeed, and by 1960 has seen no reason to change his mind. One stubs one's toes on sentences of breath-taking naïvety—"I was under his spell (Charles Williams's) at a decisive point in my development" is a typical statement; dead true, without a doubt, but few youngish memoir-writers have the nerve to speak of their development in quite such a firm, ringing, convinced sort of voice.

There's a chapter on Mr. Wain's prewar childhood, an extended piece on various "dramatic personalities" of his wartime Oxford, a chapter on America, a reprinting of an article on a visit to Russia which the *Observer* cut ("this book is not the place for journalism," says Mr. Wain mystifyingly). Some sentences will ring in our heads for longer than Mr. Wain may care to own them—I have a particular fondness for "*That fantastic birthday party I gave in Iowa City,*

*with a blizzard raging outside, when we played a balancing game with a plastic plate on a stick, and I suddenly realized that every person there was a poet*"; and, just as unforgettably—Mr. Wain is saying thanks to his American friends—"thanks, Buzz, for being Buzz, and Carolyn, for being Carolyn." . . . It is all very puzzling. Mr. Wain, says the jacket, hopes that this candid account of the shaping of his character will "*prove interesting and helpful to others whose experience may have been quite different.*" Well you never can tell. After all, not all of us ever experience a poets' party with plastic plates.

Colin Wilson, a mere stripling of 30, is the subject of a biography, *The World of Colin Wilson*, by Sidney Campion, a writer who had much the same sort of background as Wilson and made a portrait bust of him ("How We Met"). Though this book tells one perhaps rather more about Colin Wilson than many readers are desperate to know ("There was the occasion"—he is an infant at the time "*when he opened the food cupboard and emptied every bottle and jar over the furniture*") the life itself is so bizarre and the biographer's approach so artless, admiring and ingenuous—in much the same way as a side of Wilson's personality is ingenuous—that one cannot help but feel friendly towards it. I specially loved the chapter called *The Cocktail Party*—to celebrate the success of *The Outsider*—during which Mr. Stephen Spender, alarmed by the noise and the people, "brightened up when Sir Herbert Read arrived," and Miss Mary Ure causes Mr. John Osborne terrible social embarrassment by saying that anyone could have written *The Outsider*. There is also an absolutely splendid episode when Wilson, bored with his stay at the dotty Akademie Raymond Duncan in Paris (Mr. Wilson stayed out too late with Sybil the Scandinavian student of weaving), moves to Strasbourg and makes friends with some Americans called Lufkin: "*Colin spent an evening with the Lufkins, during which he read them a story he had written and just completed describing the Crucifixion, and said goodbye.*" Mr. Wilson says he would have preferred the book to deal with his

work and not his life, but I think the way Mr. Campion has chosen is without a doubt the jollier.

Briefly . . . **Charles** by Victoria Lincoln is something called "a novel inspired by certain events in the life of Charles Dickens" and seems to me a work of astonishing vulgarity and pointlessness. . . . **Mrs. Browning** by Althea Hayter is an attempt—it fails, I think, but honourably—to present Elizabeth Barrett as an important and esteemed poet and not merely the lady with the spaniel curls who never opened her window and amazingly married the dandified Mr. Browning. . . . **Constantly in Pursuit** by Patrick Campbell, illustrated with a fine verve by Quentin Blake whose pen must be very nearly as wrecked as Andre Francois', is a collection of funny pieces that do in fact live up to the wild ecstatic brilliance of their titles—my favourites being *No Stringent Shoes* and *Cynthia, Looking Horribly Lovely*. They haunt you, sometimes alarmingly. . . . **The Fred Astaire Dance Book** has all those helpful drawings of footprints dancing the Tango, Mambo and the Twist (would Fred really dance the Twist?) and some adorable text: the Twist, I'll have everyone know, "can be danced within the limits of good taste by those who wish to do so," and a girl, when cut-in on, "should not exhibit disappointment, neither should she lunge for her new partner with great glee" like that huge Thurber lady we have all met lunging in every direction.

And lastly, there are some pretty paperbacks—Pelicans have done Edmund Wilson's vastly enjoyable collection of essays *The Triple Thinkers* and a militant collection of Shaw's music criticism called *G.B.S. on Music*; there are three handsome new Peregrines—Andrew Wright's *Jane Austen's Novels*, Leavis's *The Great Tradition* and Basil Willey's *The Eighteenth Century Background*; and Puffins have very sensibly brought out *Swallows and Amazons* and my public passion, Willans' and Searle's *How to be Topp*, featuring the true, the only Nigel molesworth, from whose literary style the political correspondent of *Private Eye* has borrowed more than he can ever repay.



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# RECORDS SPIKE HUGHES

LE ROSSIGNOL BY STRAVINSKY LA FILLE MAL  
GARDÉE BY HEROLD LA FORZA DEL DESTINO  
BY VERDI

## Ballet into opera

IT DOESN'T SEEM SO MANY YEARS AGO THAT IT was the custom for a newspaper's music critic to cover all ballet assignments. If he thought an *entrechat* was the French for a doctored cat, no matter; he was sent to hear the music. And rightly, for when the Diaghilev ballet was in town you heard more new and unfamiliar Stravinsky, Satie, Poulenc and Prokofiev than you could ever hear in the concert hall. Even the layman gave the composer, not the choreographer, top billing in those days; it was Stravinsky's *Les Noces* he went to see, not Bronislava Nijinska's. So it was that Stravinsky's 1914 opera *Le Rossignol* (one CBS record, mono and stereo, conducted by the composer) wasn't altogether strange to some of us when it eventually reached Sadler's Wells a couple of years ago: we had heard quite a lot of the music 30 years before as the "symphonic ballet" the composer had made out of it and called *Le Chant du Rossignol*. A leggy teenage Markova made her solo début in it with Diaghilev in London, I remember. In its

original form as an opera *Le Rossignol* proves to be one of the most intriguing and attractive of the many special 80th birthday recordings of Stravinsky's music; it is extremely luscious in places, full of brilliant and fascinating orchestral noises, and the nightingale of the title is superbly sung by Reri Grist, the young coloured coloratura who was at Glyndebourne this year. The cast are all American and indulge in the commendable un-American activity of singing in Russian.

If the choreographer gets bigger billing than the composer with a ballet like *La Fille Mal Gardée*, it is perhaps not surprising. This enchanting ballet is at least all Sir Frederick Ashton's own work, whereas the music, though credited out of politeness to Hérold (who wrote *Zampa*), in fact includes liberal filchings from the operas of Rossini and Donizetti. Altogether about half the score of what might be translated as "The Badly Locked-up Daughter" can be heard in the "excerpts" recorded by Decca (one record—mono and stereo). It is a sparkling and highly enjoyable performance conducted by John Lanchberry, who arranged the music and is to be commended for scrupulously observing the only rule any arranger should recognize: it doesn't matter what you do so long as people don't notice you're doing it.

As it must be all of 30 years since *La Forza del Destino* was last heard at Covent Garden, it is likely that this week's

production of Verdi's opera at the Royal Opera House may come as something of a novelty to a lot of people. If it is done well it can be one of Verdi's most entertaining and exciting operas. There is immense variety in the music, plenty of colourful irrelevance in the action, and almost as many good tunes falling over each other as there are in *Il Trovatore*. There is comedy as well, supplied by the frustrated Fra Melitone, the irascible but golden-hearted monk who was the musical twinkle in Verdi's eye that eventually became Falstaff. And there is the famous final trio, which is one of the loveliest things Verdi ever wrote. Coinciding helpfully with the Covent Garden revival, Cetra have issued another of their bargain-price sets (three records, mono only, at 67s. 6d. the lot). It is not a recording for the hi-fi fanatic; it is in fact a transfer from a classic 20-year-old set of 78s never issued in this country. But what the records may lack in technical quality is more than made up for by the tremendous spirit and assurance of the whole thing. Maria Caniglia as Leonora, Ebe Stignani in the comparatively small but difficult and effective part of Preziosilla, the magnificent Father Superior of Tancredi Pasero, and the exuberant, anything but saturnine Melitone of Saturno Meletti are all vintage performances. Not only is the Cetra set value for money, but you definitely get more of the opera than you do in the classy Callas recording, for instance, where the whole of Melitone's best scene is cut.

# GALLERIES ROBERT WRAIGHT

THE HALLMARK COLLECTION WHITECHAPEL ART  
GALLERY ALAN DAVIE FBA GALLERIES

## Patronage de luxe

FORGETTING THE WEATHER (IF ONLY ONE COULD) I have to admit that London, like the girl in the old song, is so nice to come home to—"artwise," that is. On my return from three weeks in another, warmer place, things were astir in a big way and I had a three-day orgy of gallery-going in order to catch up with such events as the Kokoschka retrospective at the Tate, the Hallmark Collection at the Whitechapel Art Gallery and the Alan Davie show at the FBA Galleries.

Though I have followed Kokoschka's work closely since I first made its acquaintance at Hitler's exhibition of "degenerate art" in Munich in 1937, I was still staggered by the power of the Tate show and shall require a week to recover before I can write about it without sounding drunk.

The Hallmark Collection is interesting mainly as an example of the sort of art patronage practised by many big American companies, and one that it is to be hoped more and more British firms will emulate. It includes a Utrillo and a Vlaminck, but nearly all the other pictures are by living artists of many different nationalities. They were bought by the Kansas City firm

of Hallmark, whose business is greetings cards but who, since 1949, have organized several important international art exhibitions at which they have awarded prizes and made purchases. Six works by British artists have been bought this year. John Piper, Prunella Clough, Derrick Greaves and Arthur Boyd are among those represented.

Gimpel Fils, Alan Davie's agents, have taken over the whole of the big FBA Galleries to present more than 100 of his canvases, many of them huge, painted during the past five years. Next month the show will be transferred to the Stedelijk Museum, Amsterdam. As I pointed out in a recent article called *The Art Masters*, Davie enjoys a big reputation abroad, particularly in America. Largely as a result of this (so a gentleman at the FBA Galleries informed me in an awed whisper) he is able to run "the most expensive sort of Jaguar."

In the face of this sort of indisputable evidence of success it would be easiest for me to join the bandwagon of praise but (and I say it before my fellow critics can) there must be something wrong with me. Davie does very little for or to me. He has a talent for creating jewel-like decorations that frequently have charm when produced in small format but are equally frequently ludicrous and banal when blown up to cover the vast canvases that presumably impress his American admirers.

The "originality" of his painting is, in fact, a highly involved eclecticism, an amalgamation (whether consciously or unconsciously arrived at is not clear) of an

unusually large number of influences, many of which are immediately apparent and may be confirmed by reference to any potted biography of him. It comes as no surprise to learn that he has practised as a ceramist and studied Oriental ceramics, that for many years he made jewellery, that he has taught art to young children, been moved by Paul Klee, impressed by Picasso, met Pollock and studied Zen Buddhism.

Even less surprising, on reflection, is the information that for a whole year he gave up painting to become a professional jazz musician. Many of his paintings seem to be visual transcriptions of jazz. Lines weave and jag, colours harmonize and clash, forms form and disintegrate. Improvisation degenerates into automatism and, inevitably, repetition. Occasionally a recognizable shape emerges—a hand, a wine-glass, a bottle, a phallus—but these only serve to stress the meaninglessness (to the spectator, if not to the artist) of the swarming symbols and signs that litter the canvas. The language, if indeed it is a language, is a secret one which Davie himself confesses not yet to understand fully.

A highly articulate man, he has argued himself into the belief that painting, ideally, should be an act of pure intuition. But, he says, "the evolving of my own philosophy of the creative act has not prevented me from continuing to make the same mistakes over and over again. *The more I know, the more impossible it becomes. . .*"

# GOOD LOOKS TELLS ALL



I must tell you about this new make-up that all the French girls are wearing. Sometimes their colours are a bit dark for us but these colours are just right for our pink and white skins. I am wearing it now, do you like it? First I spread on Or Blond foundation which is better for me than Or Flamme because it is a marvellous delicate pink (Or Flamme is a deeper, golden pink). I wear it just like that during the day, slightly shiny and very outdoors looking but at night I like a touch of their Gerbera made-to-match powder on top. The new way with the eyes is a band of some flattering shadow on the upper lids with the lower ones underlined with Beige or Grey Ombrelaine. The lipsticks are the sort of shade someone else is always wearing and you can never quite pin down. Or Blond is a flowery

vivid golden pink, Or Flamme verges on the orange like one of those pinky orange daisies. I noticed that it isn't smart in Paris to wear any noticeable colour on the nails. So Orlane's Neige varnish is ideal with its pale, snow beige tone. Yes, of course, you can buy it here now too . . . at Woollands; at Marshall & Snelgrove—anywhere where there is an Orlane counter." "I've suffered from those awful red veins for years and at last I've done something about them. I read about someone called Katharine Corbet so I plucked up courage and rang her up. She said, of course to come along and gave me a free consultation when she explained exactly what would happen, how much it would cost, how long it would take. . . . She was so efficient and kind. I would recommend

her red vein treatments to anyone. The face ones disappear easily after diathermy. She used a new method on my legs which works by sealing the tiny veins with an atomized chemical solution. I was so glad I'd gone. . . . Yes, of course, her telephone number is Hyde Park 5905 and the address is 21 South Molton Street, W.1."

"I can never keep up a full-scale diet so I just eat as little sugar and starch as possible. Last week I bought some sort of new sugar called Sucron which is ordinary Tate & Lyle sugar that has been processed to give added sweetness so only a fraction of the usual amount is used. It's the best I've tried because the background bitter taste is reduced to a minimum and it can be used in cooking. A six-ounce packet costs 1s. 9d.

BY ELIZABETH WILLIAMSON



# OTHER PEOPLE'S BABIES



**Rebecca (7)**, youngest daughter of Sir Peter Roberts, Bt., & Lady Roberts, of Cockley Cley Hall, Swaffham, Norfolk



**Penelope (3)**, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Nicholas Crosse, of High Folly, North Ripton, near Leeds, Yorkshire



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## MAN'S WORLD *David Morton*

### *Mr. Amies sets the trend*

MR. HARDY AMIES IS ALREADY TO clothes what Mr. Raymond Loewy is to industrial design: a total designer who has extended the range of his activities to cover, as he puts it, "almost every mentionable item" in a man's wardrobe. Quite apart from the enormous range of clothes he has designed for Hepworths, Mr. Amies' name is to be found on ties, shirts, pyjamas, dressing gowns, and recently, shoes. Now news has come that he is to design the staff uniforms for the new London Hilton Hotel—doormen, page boys, porters, waiters and chambermaids—in a formal style reminiscent of the great English houses in their prime.

His new collection for Hepworths—the first was launched just over a year ago—consolidates rather than elaborates on the British Line he introduced then. This tapered down from broad, natural sloping shoulders and a full chest to a natural waist, close-fitting hips and slim cut trousers with plain narrow ends shaped over the shoes. Evolution not Revolution says Mr. Amies, and this year does little more than emphasize the waist and legs. The result can best be seen in his suits for Hepworths.

I particularly liked a grey pepper-&-salt Irish tweed suit, button three, with narrow lapels and slant flap pockets and ticket pockets. The trousers have plain darted fronts and straight side pockets. The jacket was more waisted than it would have been last year, and the trousers narrower and shaped over the boot. The same thinking appears in a more exaggerated form in a charcoal worsted suit, with four buttons, fastening to about 4 inches below the tie-knot, and two ticket pockets—one each side—below the shaped waist. There are two-button suits, one with the second button above the waist, one with it below. There is a double-breasted suit, button-two show-three, with straight jetted pockets. And as usual, one wonders how these suits can be tailored to measure at such a low price—from 14 to 25 guineas. The quality of the cloth is very good, so the economy isn't effected there.

The overcoats to be worn over these suits are wide and loose-fitting, to emphasize the close fit of the suit. Knee length with a full drape, many

styles feature a new Ghillie collar—round, turned up to the neck it looks a sound protection against the weather. I liked one overcoat that goes against this trend; double breasted, button-two, with long slant flap pockets, it is much more fitted at the waist, although I would prefer it without the half-belt. Made in grey velour it sells at 20 guineas ready made.

There was a strong emphasis on raincoats in the collection. Their design was based on the wide cut overcoat styles, with a fairly bold use of colours in either plain or checked material—red, blue, green, bronze and white, often using material backed with foam to give shape and insulation to the coat. The raincoats are ready to wear from £10. Motor-ing coats and raincoats are cut in a similar way to each other—double breasted, button-three show-three, with a deep collar, side vents and straight flapped pockets; the raincoats are  $\frac{3}{4}$  length, the coats thigh length—slightly longer than last year.

Leisure jackets are available from about £9 in a very interesting range of materials—Irish tweeds and Saxons; the trousers to wear with them are still some of the best cut on the market. The jackets feature a nine-inch centre vent. Looking forward to next year, the lightweight suits are made in pleasant 11-12-ounce worsteds, following the basic line shown in other suits; they will sell from 17 guineas ready to wear or made to measure. Terylene/cotton slacks cost from £5 10s., with features like frog-mouth cross pockets and plain dart fronts. There was one pair of slacks in heavy fawn cavalry twill with the full fall front introduced last year. And for really devil-may-care elegance in a Mediterranean resort, a white suit with a very fine navy stripe, in linen and Terylene. More conventional, a double-breasted blazer in navy flannel, cut with side vents, and finely cut slacks in navy and white spongebag check Terylene.

At the end of the show there were 10 items that showed the way Mr. Amies' mind is working ahead. The suits were even more waisted; one was interesting for its waist seam. And there was a very handsome dinner jacket in blue barathea, satin revers, two covered buttons, and its own blue satin waistcoat.



# MOTORING

Dudley Noble

## The Consul Cortina

SO FAR AS THE BRITISH MARKET IS CONCERNED, the new small Ford Cortina is a conventional car, with its four cylinder in line engine, housed longways under the bonnet, driving the back wheels through a four speed gearbox. It therefore differs considerably from the original American conception of the Ford Cardinal which, as the Germans have shown us, has a V-4 engine driving the front wheels. I tried both, found each interesting in its own way. Front wheel drive is no novelty but a four cylinder engine arranged as two twins set at an angle is uncommon in car practice. We all know that the V-8 engine features on some of the world's finest and most expensive automobiles, notably the Rolls-Royce, while Volkswagen has always had a "flat" four cylinder, with its two pairs of twins set in a horizontal line. Ford, too, for many years utilized the Vee formation on its eight cylinder models. This method of arranging the engine has various advantages, including shortness of crankshaft and the ability to lower the bonnet line. But there are also disadvantages from the designer's point of view in balancing the engine's moving parts. But this is a manufacturer's problem, and it seems to have been satisfactorily overcome in the Ford Taunus "M 12" model from Cologne.

The Cortina from Ford of Dagenham for all its convention—and perhaps because of

it—is a practical and workmanlike car. It is stylish with room inside for five adults and a large luggage boot. It is bigger than the Anglia but not quite so long or wide as the Classic. It weighs about 2 cwt. less. Its engine of 1,200 c.c. fits neatly between the 1,000 c.c. of the Anglia and the 1,500 c.c. of the Classic. It has a compression ratio of 8.7 to 1 and delivers 48½ b.h.p., which is 9 more than the Anglia and 8 less than the Classic. In every respect, therefore, it fills a gap in the Ford range and will without doubt be a highly popular size of car for the family man. Sir Patrick Hennessy, the Dagenham chief, says it is "the missing model for which thousands of growing families have asked."

When driving, the first thing that impressed me about the Cortina was the spacious feel of the car. There is a lot of leg-room, the pedals are well spaced out so that you do not inadvertently press the accelerator when you are braking. Next I liked the easy running of the engine; it is willing to run at whatever speed you want without making its presence felt, and does not indulge in the "high compression tantrums" of the pepped-up small car power units which are apt to spit back at you if the clutch is fed in just a trifle too fast. The gearbox has synchromesh on all four speeds, so that one does not fear having

to engage bottom while the car is on the move. True there is nothing of great novelty about the specification, but it is established policy on the part of Ford of Dagenham to offer the public cars of accepted design and to concentrate on making them as well as it knows how. Behind the scenes, however, there has been much effort put into getting a smooth ride and to keeping down body noise, making the Cortina "nice" to handle with easy steering and simple controls—a car, in fact, that can be driven with pleasure by the novice as well as the experienced motorist.

Its performance on the road struck me as being fully adequate to a car of this size and price (£639 or £666 10s. for the deluxe), for on the open road 75 m.p.h. could be exceeded and a steady 65-70 m.p.h. maintained. Fuel consumption I did not have sufficient opportunity of checking under touring conditions, but the makers claim 38 miles to the gallon. Available for the time being is the two door saloon only, but a four door type is on the way and expected in November. The Ford guarantee, by the way, has just been extended from six to 12 months, with a mileage limitation of 12,000, and customers who have unexpired six-month warranties as at 3 September are having them extended to one year from the date of purchase.



The Consul Cortina: much roomier than the accepted small cars of today, nine inches wider across the back seat



**Cripps—Elwes:** Carolyn Dawn, daughter of the late Mr. J. W. W. Cripps & Mrs. Joyce Cripps, of Ford Farm, Ampney Crucis, Cirencester, was married to Henry William George, son of the late Major J. H. Elwes and Mrs. John Talbot, of Greenmeadow, Rendcomb, Cirencester, at St. John's, Cirencester



**Eckersley—Kentish Barnes:** Charlotte Marlie, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Timothy Eckersley, of Westbourne Park Road, W.2, was married to Colin, son of Lieut-Col. & Mrs. Edward Kentish Barnes, of Fuengirola, Spain, at St. Margaret's, Buxted, Sussex



**Page—Skinner:** Jane, daughter of Brig. & Mrs. F. C. G. Page, of Rook's Farm, Croatham, Liss, Hampshire, was married to Charles Robert, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Robert Skinner, of Bromham Hall, Bedford, at St. Owen's, Bromham



**Thompson—Bathurst:** Elizabeth Mary, daughter of Sir Edward & Lady Thompson, of Gatacre Park, Bridgnorth, Shropshire, was married to the Hon. Christopher Hiley Ludlow Bathurst, son of Viscount & Viscountess Bledisloe, of Lydney Park, Glos, at St. Margaret's, Westminster



**Upjohn—Bull:** Angela Mary, daughter of Mrs. G. F. Upjohn and stepdaughter of Brig. G. F. Upjohn, of Old Brompton Road, S.W.5, was married to Anthony Kenneth, son of Mr. & Mrs. Kenneth Bull, of Appletrees, Haslemere, Surrey, at St. Mary, The Boltons





# Engagements



YEVONDE

**Miss Janet Helen Morison to Mr. Christopher Keogh Watson:** *She* is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. J. Miller Morison, Newmiln, Guildtown by Perth. *He* is the son of the late Mr. & Mrs. James Watson, of Torquay



LENARE

**Miss Wendy Dunlop to the Hon. Cailain Douglas Campbell-Gray:** *She* is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. W. H. Dunlop, Gargowan, Racecourse Road, Ayr. *He* is the son of the late Major the Master of Gray and the late Hon. Mrs. Campbell-Gray



**Miss Valerie Anne Villiers to Mr. John Morrison Webster:** *She* is the daughter of Vice-Admiral Sir Michael and Lady Villiers, of Packhurst Farm, Clanfield, Hampshire. *He* is the son of Mr. & Mrs. Frank Webster, Lea House, Lymington, Hampshire

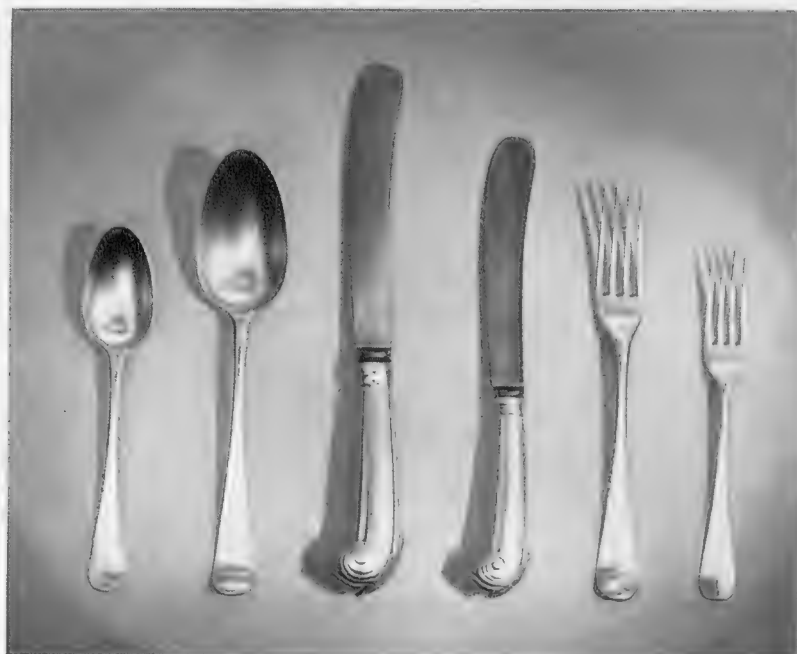


DESMOND GROVES

**Miss Linda Leycester-Roxby to Mr. Laurence David Brown:** *She* is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. E. G. M. Leycester-Roxby, of Toft Hall, Knutsford, Cheshire. *He* is the son of Mr. & Mrs. L. H. Brown, of Wilmslow, Cheshire

## COLLECTOR'S COMMENTARY

Albert Adair

*Pleasures of the table*

TODAY WE ARE FORTUNATE THAT SILVERSMITHS of the past never dismissed spoons, forks and knives as unworthy of attention and craftsmanship, for surely a dining table set with its complete services is a delight to the eye. While concentrating on spoons, forks and knives at the moment, in succeeding articles I shall dwell on other table silver such as salvers, salts and sugar and spice casters, all of which in themselves can prove a fascinating study for collectors, for those who like using attractive, useful plate, and others who are drawn by the silversmiths' craftsmanship and enjoy scrutinizing the silver of their friends and neighbours.

Complete services of spoons, forks and knives were virtually unknown before 1700; forks themselves were only introduced shortly before the turn of the 18th century. However, the styles from the Queen Anne period onwards bear slight variations in design which are easily distinguishable. These make it possible to date the silver with a certain degree of accuracy. In 1700 hallmarks on spoons and

forks are to be found low down on the stems but they are often indistinct for in the process of hallmarking the stems became misshaped. It therefore followed that when the silversmith had them returned to him from the Hall he had to re-hammer the stems and this resulted in the marks being disturbed.

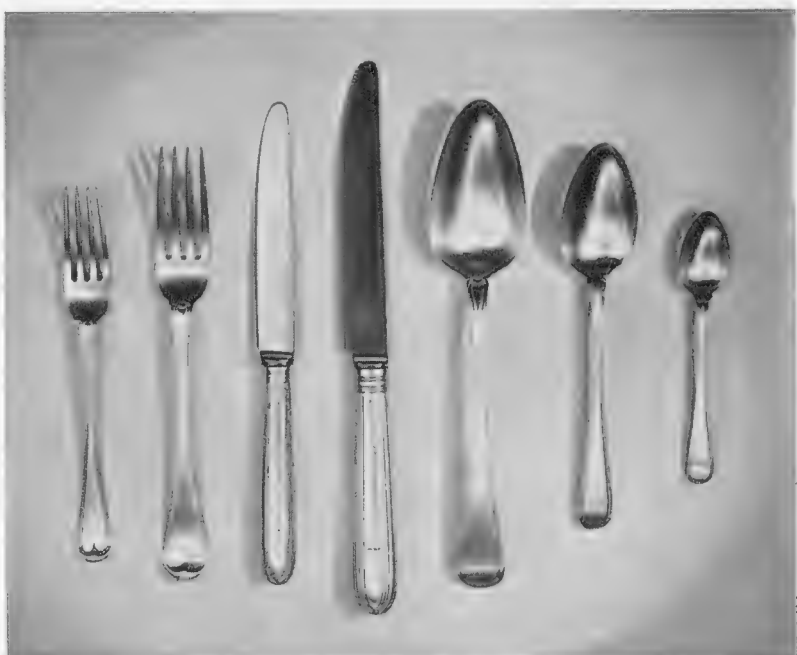
All the spoons, forks and knives illustrated are from Messrs. Walter H. Willson of St. James's, S.W.1, who specialize in this form of tableware. Those above (*left*) are of the Queen Anne and George I style with three-pronged forks, rat-tail spoons and plain pistol handle knives. This service was made in "Britannia" standard silver, which was the law from 1607-1718. George II style (1727-60) was similar to Queen Anne and George I to look at when laid on the table, having three-pronged forks, but both the spoon and fork had lost the strong rib on their fronts and the spoons the long tail on the backs of the bowls, which instead had a small short heel.

A vivid illustration of the period from 1760-80 is shown (*above, right*). It was in

about 1760 that the introduction of four prongs to forks is noticed. During these years, though the spoons and forks remained plain, the pistol handle knives were inclined to become more elaborate.

Another style (*below, left*) started in the 1780s and continued from then. Here it is the turn of the spoon only to show some alteration—the ends of the handles turn downwards, whereas before this date both the spoons and fork handles turned upwards. Another significant guide to the dating of these is the hallmarks, which have now appeared at the top end of both spoon and fork. It is in this period too that straight handle knives first appear and the earlier scimitar blade is discarded.

Shown below (*right*) are spoons, forks and knives of "Threaded Old English" pattern which was introduced in the 1790s. This period saw the introduction of more slender and lighter looking designs to coincide with the similar movement in furniture. After this a variety of patterns became fashionable, but they mostly incorporated the shell motif.





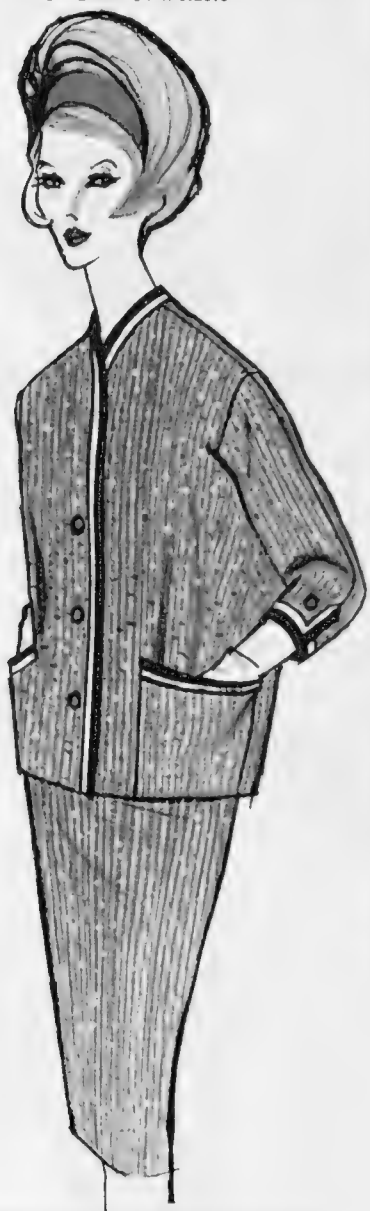
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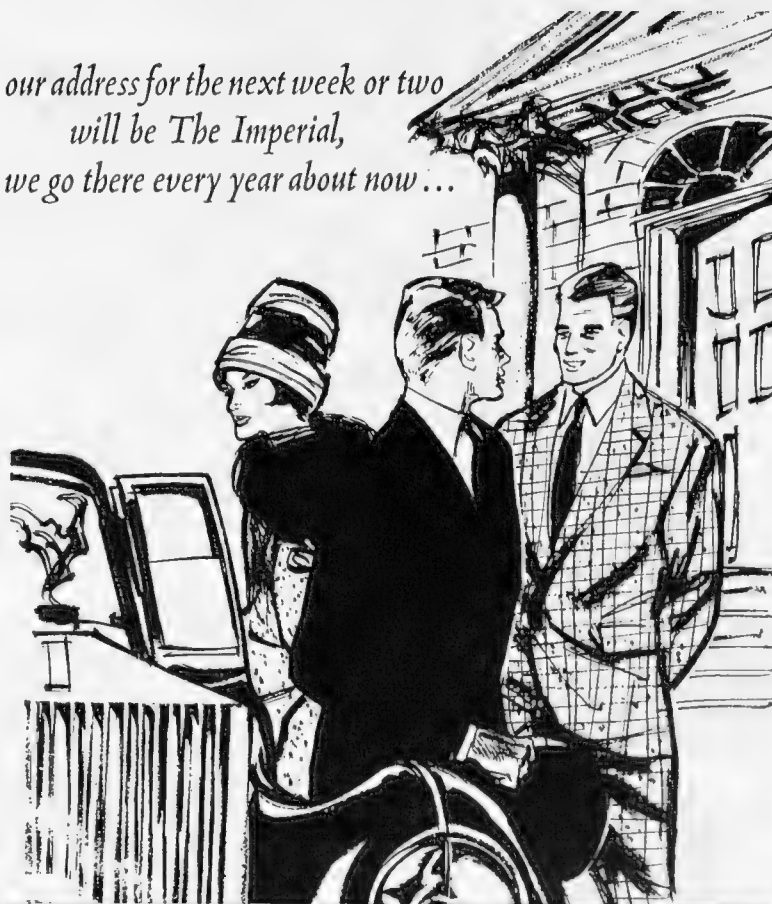
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## DINING IN

Helen Burke

*Michaelmas sideline*

AS EVERYONE WHO HAS ENJOYED the dish in or around Toulouse knows, CASSOULET CASTELNAUDARY should contain some goose. But no one could be expected to cook a whole goose specially for it, and so I suggest that when you roast a goose you reserve some of it for the *Cassoulet* so that the dish will be as near to the real thing as does not matter. But let there be a good number of people to enjoy it, because it is quite substantial. It is ideal in fact for a crowd of hungry youngsters. I am sure, by the way, that this dish inspired Boston Baked Beans.

For 8 people, soak 2 lb. of haricot beans in cold water overnight. Next day, drain and rinse well. Place in a pot with cold water to cover. Add a whole onion stuck with a clove, a crushed clove of garlic or the juice squeezed through a garlic press,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. of well-washed garlic sausage in one piece, a good dessertspoon of salt, some freshly milled pepper and a *bouquet garni*, including a carrot split through lengthwise and a stick of celery. Bring slowly to the boil, then simmer, covered, until the beans are getting soft. Lift out the sausage after it has cooked for  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour.

Meanwhile, melt  $\frac{1}{2}$  oz. goose fat or butter in a saucepan, and in it simmer a finely-chopped Spanish-type onion. Add  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. of chopped skinned and deseeded tomatoes,  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint of canned tomato juice, an egg cup of chopped parsley and a little salt and pepper to taste. Drain the beans, discarding the onion and the *bouquet garni*.

This recipe calls for both goose and lamb. The latter can be  $1\frac{1}{2}$  lb. of cold lean roasted lamb or lean shoulder lamb cut into slices, seasoned with salt and pepper and fried to a golden tone in a little fat. (Goose fat is ideal.) Drain off the fat. Slice the garlic sausage. Cut about 1 lb. of cooked goose from the legs and thighs into slender pieces and season them a little.

Have ready a casserole large enough to contain all the ingredients. Rub the inside all over with a cut clove of garlic. Place a layer of beans in the casserole, then one of the three meats, more beans and so on until all is used, finishing with a layer of beans. Add some of the tomato sauce to each layer. Sprinkle with bread-crumbs, dot with butter and

brown in a moderately hot oven (375 deg. Fahr. or gas mark 5). Sprinkle with freshly chopped parsley and serve.

While a goose in the oven makes this dish possible, there is no reason why pork should not be used instead. I think that  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. of pickled belly pork would "stand in" very well. Cut it into thin slices, including the rind. Blanch them for 8 to 10 minutes, then drain them and fry them to a pale gold in a little pork fat. Increase the lamb to 2 to  $2\frac{1}{2}$  lb.

PHEASANTS will be here again next week. Last year, too late to refer to it, I came across a new-to-me way of stuffing them with mushrooms. You will require 6 to 8 oz. of the dark-gilled kind, and the field ones are ideal. First chop a shallot and cut 2 oz. of streaky bacon into thin strips. Fry them in an ounce of butter until the shallot is a pale gold. Cut the washed and drained mushrooms into wedges and chop their stems. Quickly cook them with the bacon and shallot and season them to taste. Stuff the pheasant with the mixture.

Spread butter on the bird and dust it with salt and pepper. Place it on its back in the baking tin and cook it at 450 deg. Fahr. or gas mark 8 just long enough to colour it. Turn it on to one side, lower the heat to 350 deg. Fahr. or gas mark 4 and give it 30 to 35 minutes in all, basting it twice in that time and turning it for the last 10 minutes.

Serve a small portion of the stuffing with each helping.

Back to a more familiar bird, two pounds of chicken necks, hearts and gizzards will make a grand pot of GIBLET soup for four. Well wash them. Cut the hearts and gizzards into small pieces and cut the neck pieces to the bone. Place all with any of their fat into a pot and cover with  $1\frac{1}{2}$  quarts of water. Add a chopped onion and a little salt and pepper. Bring to the boil and skim off the froth which rises.

Tie together a half small bay leaf, several parsley stalks, a sprig of thyme and a few celery tops. Add them to the stock and simmer for 3 hours over a very low heat so that the liquid barely moves. Lastly, add a carrot cut into small dice, 1 to 2 tablespoons of rice, a finely chopped green sweet pepper (about 3 tablespoons) and 2 chopped skinned tomatoes and continue to cook until the rice is done. Taste and season further if desired.



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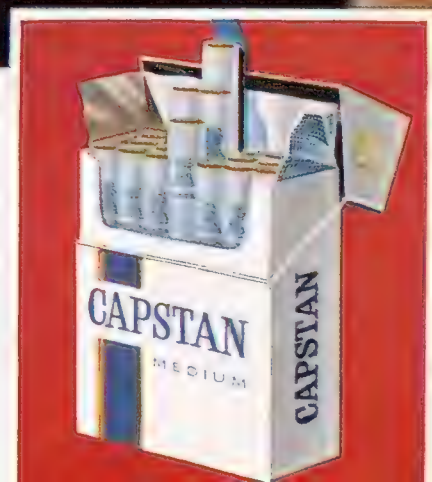




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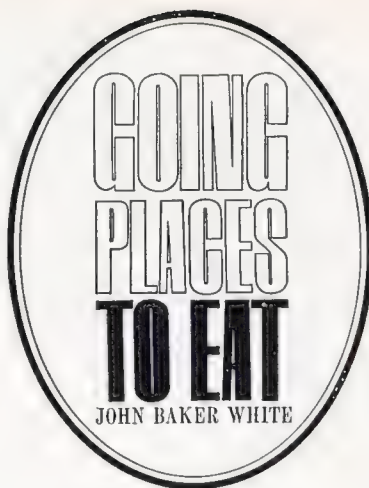


## Sixteen-plus must

C.S. . . . Closed Sundays  
W.B. . . . Wise to book a table

**Claridge's**, Brook Street. (MAY 8860). I consider it is the duty of all parents, when their children have reached school-leaving age, to take them to Claridge's restaurant for luncheon at least once. In personality, standards of service, and quality of food and wine, it is one of the few remaining great restaurants, something to be seen, something to be remembered in a world of the second-rate. There are very few really outstanding *maitres d'hôtels* today, but Luigi is one of them. To watch him at work is in itself an experience. "Claridge's at One" may be a little expensive for the parents but it is worth it. Booking for luncheon essential.

**Cadogan** restaurant, Cadogan Hotel, Sloane Street. (BEL 7141). The dining room here has taken on a new and most pleasant look, white walls contrasting with pale green upholstery, curtains of a new colour, and a yellow and green carpet. The 30 tables are set well apart with large, comfortable chairs. The food is plain but good, and in the dining room there is a charcoal grill—which does not smell—and meat of high quality is a speciality. The set luncheon costs 12s. 6d., and the grill-ranges from 16s. to 18s. 6d. including vegetables and



salads. On Sundays there is a set luncheon for 12s. 6d.—the grill is closed—or dinner for 15s. The wine list includes a 1949 Nuits St. Georges—Bouchard Aîné and bottled in France—for 35s., and a 1947 Gevrey Chambertin, also French-bottled, for 45s. There are also quarter-bottles of red and white Bordeaux for 4s. A most useful place if you want plenty of room, peace and quiet, and club-standard service, not far from the shops. W.B.

**London Steak House**, 73 Old Brompton Road. (KNI 6195). Open all the week, 12 noon-3 p.m. and 6 p.m. to 11 p.m. weekdays, and 12.30 p.m. to 2 p.m. and 6.30 p.m. to 11 p.m. on Sundays. Only two minutes walk from South Kensington station, it is another of the

well-run chain of steak houses that extends from Brighton to Watford. Its speciality is *Filet Steak Brochette* 9s. 6d., which I found excellent. A mixed grill is sixpence cheaper, half a grilled spring chicken 9s. 6d. The limited but adequate wine list matches the menu. It includes a 1955 Beaune at under £1, and wines by the glass, or in carafe from 6s. 3d. The completely modern and pleasant lay-out and decor is enhanced by some well-chosen pictures of quality. And the cost? I calculate that one can do well for about 15s. without wine, and get smiling, first-class attention. W.B.

### Wine note

For the English taste the 1959 wines of the Rhine and Moselle are some of the best the century has produced, and some are very fine indeed. For those who like what I may call "collectors' pieces" Deinhard are offering the following from their own estates: Bernkasteler Doktor Spatlese, 55s.; Winkeler Hasensprung Riesling Auslese, 37s.; Oestlicher Eiserberg Riesling Beeren Auslese, 54s.; Oestlicher Eiserberg Riesling Trockenbeeren Auslese, 120s.

The first is a Moselle, the remainder Rhine wines, the prices per bottle retail, and approximate. It is yet another reminder to those with the money to spare, that the time to buy fine wines is now.

. . . and a reminder

**La Ronde**, 59 Marloes Road, Kensington. (WES 2589.) *New, small, elegant, with good cooking and an admirable wine list.*

**Windmill luncheon club**, 234 Bermondsey Street. (HOP 5627.) *Well known to those who like good food; quite small and off Tower Bridge Road. Membership by application.*

**Westbury Hotel**, Bond Street. (MAY 7755.) *Germain Bagole is now chef des cuisines, a guarantee of good cooking.*

**Alberts**, 53 Beak Street. (GER 1296.) *Long-established and excellent value for money.*

**Adria Hotel** restaurant, 88 Queens Gate. (FRE 3391.) *Welcomes non-residents and offers an adequate dinner for 8s. 6d.*

**Normandie Hotel** restaurant, 163 Knightsbridge. (KEN 1400.) *A place for unhurried eating in elegant surroundings.*

**Magic Carpet Inn**, 124 Kings Road, Chelsea. (KEN 6296.) *Long-established and well known but now offering a first rate 21s. all-in menu.*

**Brompton Grill**, 243 Brompton Road. (KEN 8005). *Maintains the high standard it has kept for many years.*

## CABARET CALENDAR

**Savoy** (TEM 4343). The Rudas Dancers, and the Clark Brothers

**Room at the Top** (ILF 4455). The Breakaways

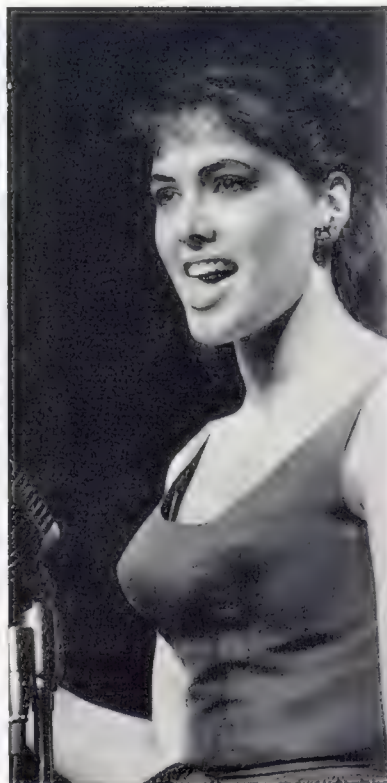
**Quaglino's** (WHI 6767). The Square Pegs, vocal group

**Pigalle** (REG 7746). *Last week of The Roaring Twenties, large-scale floor show with a period twist and starring Jill Day who dances as well as sings*

**Society** (REG 0565). Valerie Masters sings

**Talk of the Town** (REG 5051). *Last week of Frankie Vaughan's season. At 10 o'clock the spectacular floor-show with feature artists*

**Candlelight Room, May Fair Hotel** (MAY 7777). Ray Ellington and his quartet



Mercedes Triana (above) is the leading Spanish dancer at the Pigalle. Frankie Howerd and Carole Simpson are at the Establishment





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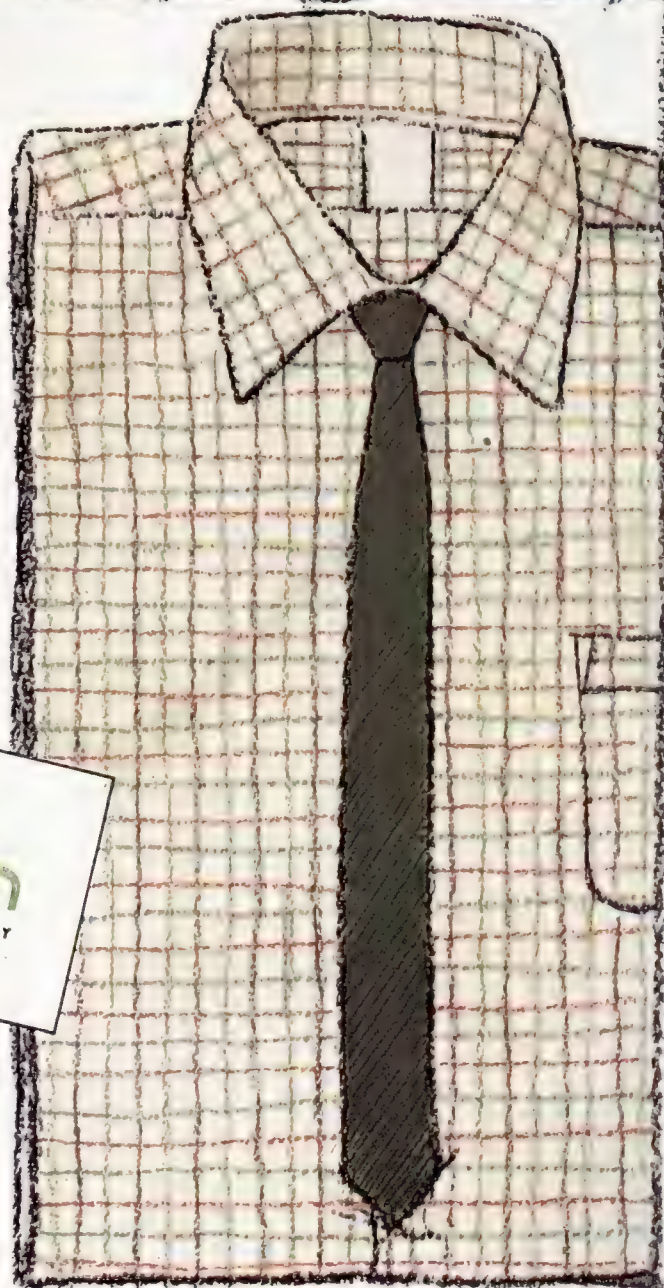
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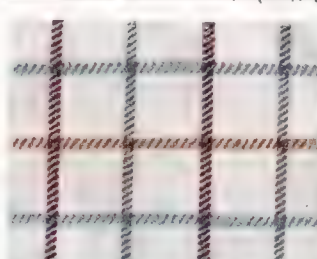


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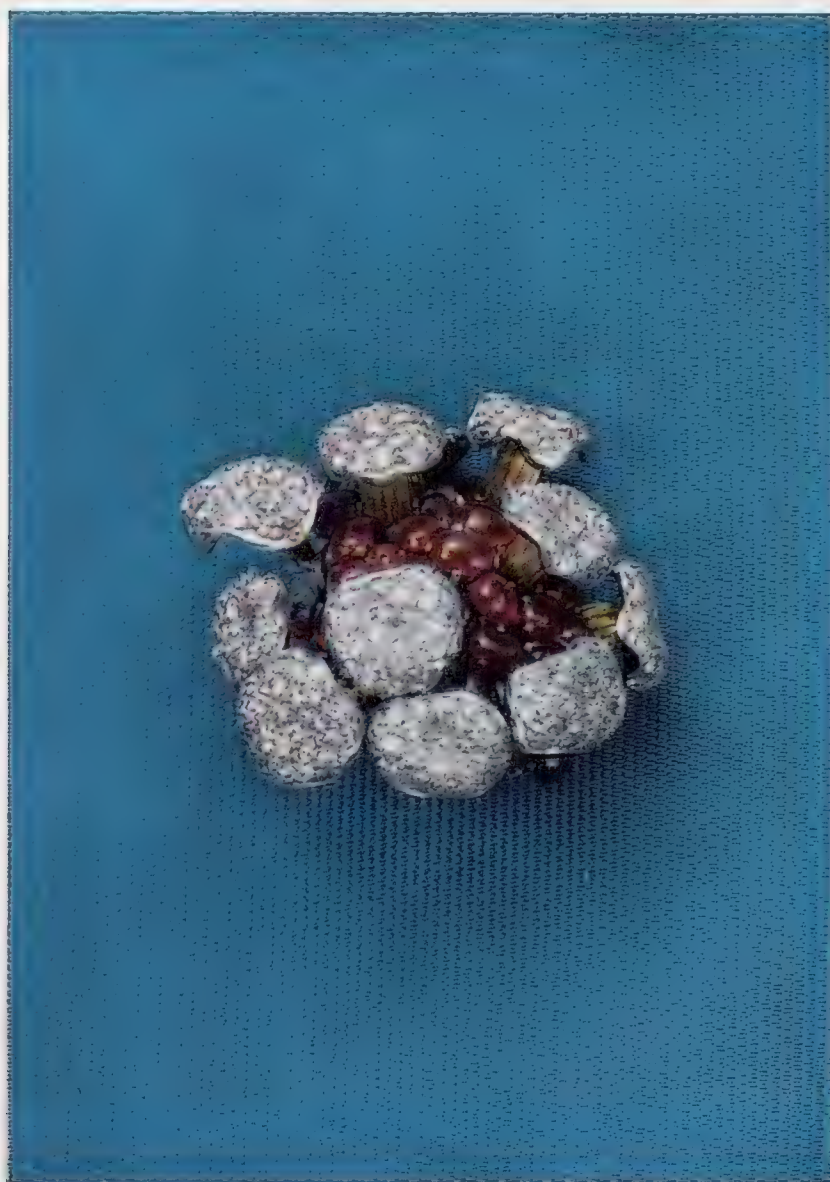


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# **STEEL** SHAPES TOMORROW

*This brilliant new house in Surrey shows*



Architects: Katz, Vaughan and Partners

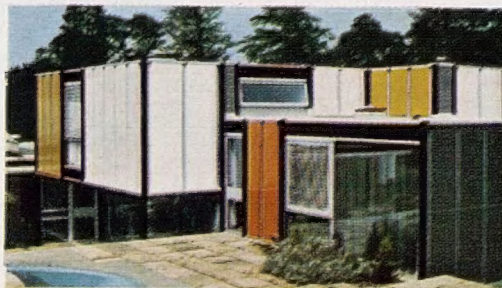




**Slim steel columns** join with huge areas of glass in a hall that is bright and welcoming.



**Strength of steel structure** allows windows to occupy a whole wall: a room with a view!



**Coloured panels of vitreous enamelled steel** give a brilliant and lasting surface to the exterior.

## What can be done with steel

Deep in the countryside on the Surrey-Sussex border, sparkling like a jewel, is a brilliant new house that may well be the forerunner of the kind of houses your children will live in. "Baldwyns", country house of Mr. Fred Kobler, is revolutionary in every line, in every detail. It was intended to be. The architects were told, "Forget tradition. Give me comfort, light-heartedness and, above all, *originality*." The result is a house that is based on *steel*. Square section tubes outline the crisp shapes; vitreous enamelled steel panels, in rich colours, make the outside gleam and glow.

Everywhere you get an impression of lightness, of space. This is due to the great strength of the steel framework, and the freedom which it gives the architect to poise his masses on slender supports, almost in mid-air.

Inside the house, the black lines of the steel structure are not hidden: they form a keynote of the design.

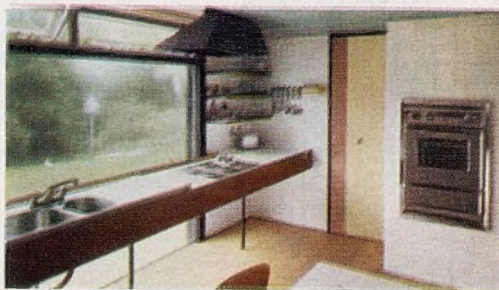
An exciting house, this. A pointer to the future. And already, many houses up and down the country are being built with steel frames in walls and roof. Steel, vital in industrial and commercial buildings, is now becoming the basis of forward-looking *domestic* architecture too.

### STEEL SHAPES TOMORROW

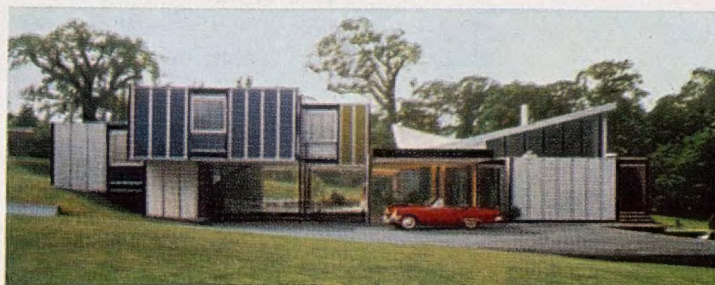
BRITISH IRON AND STEEL FEDERATION



**After dark**, as walls dissolve in light, the house becomes a magical setting for parties.



**In the kitchen**, stainless steel makes the cook's work easier, in easy-to-clean sink and utensils.

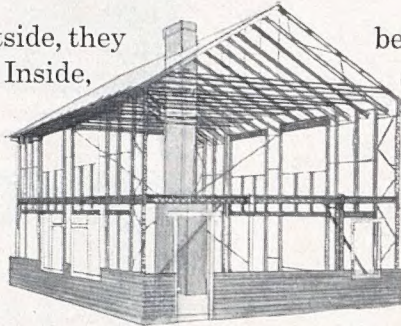


**You can see** the originality of design in this end-to-end view. Parts of house seem poised in mid-air, thanks to strength of steel structure.



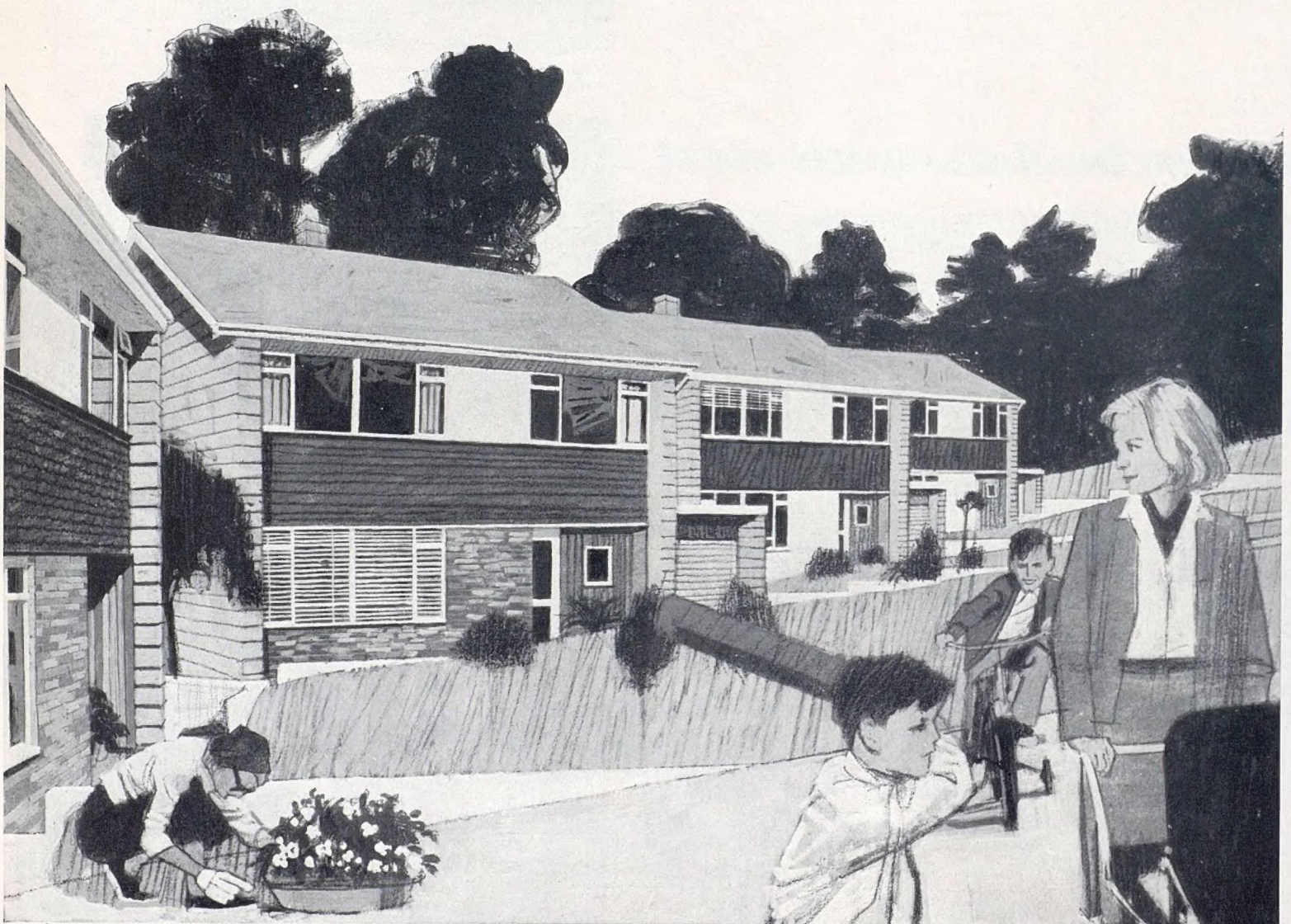
# Did you know that steel in walls and roof makes a house a much better buy?

The houses in the picture have a secret. Outside, they are splendid examples of modern design. Inside, exciting examples of the work of modern building technologists. For these houses are built around *steel frames*. The result? The house is stronger, with the strength of steel. It is truer, because a steel framework will not warp, swell or shrink. It is



better insulated, wrapped in the generous air space in the walls. And the speed? Three or four men, on the site, put the whole frame up with bolts in a matter of hours. From then on, all trades can go to work on the job. All over the country, houses like these are going up. In house building as in so many other fields, **STEEL SHAPES TOMORROW.**

Up goes the steel frame—strong and true—in a matter of hours!



BRITISH IRON AND STEEL FEDERATION





Painted by S. R. Badmin

## Shell guide to SHROPSHIRE



The county of black-and-white houses, the Severn, and long blue hills crumpled into being by the pressure of Wales on the other side of Offa's Dyke (ditch and rampart built by King Offa about A.D. 785). A sense survives of the old border troubles of Welsh and English, as in A. E. Housman's *A Shropshire Lad* (1896):

*Where Severn down to Buildwas ran  
Coloured with the death of man.*

Even "Shropshire" speaks of defence: it was Scrobesbyrigscir – the shire of Shrewsbury or "Scrob's Fort" (shortened to Scrobscyr, the Normans mispronounced it Salopescire – hence Salop).

A strange mixture of famous men have Salop associations. Milton's *Comus* was first performed at Ludlow Castle, September 29th, 1634; Darwin was born at Shrewsbury (1809); Captain Webb, who first swam the Channel (August 24th, 1875), was born at Dawley, and Wilfred Owen, poet of the First World War, at Oswestry (1893). Langland, who wrote *Piers Plowman* (born about 1330), was probably a Shropshire man. A. E. Housman, though, was strictly a Worcestershire instead of a Shropshire lad.

Other items: the flag-decorated Arbor Tree (1) from Aston-on-Clun; the half-timbered medieval church (2) at Melverley; early clay pipes (3) from Broseley, the centre of pipe-making when tobacco was introduced; the Iron Bridge (4) (1779) over the Severn, England's first considerable structure in cast iron; plate with the original "willow pattern" (5), designed by Thomas Minton (1766-1836) for the pottery at Caughley; teapot (6) from the famous Coalport pottery – and in it a Salop flower, Touch-me-Not (7), first recorded as a British plant on the Camlad in Shropshire, 1633.

Also from Shrewsbury, from the Quarry Gardens, Sabrina – i.e. the Severn – by the Birmingham sculptor Peter Hollins (1800-1886), and the Shoemaker's Arbour (1679), once on the ground where the Shrewsbury trades performed their pageants.

"The Shell Country Book" is an encyclopaedia of country things, a companion for every car excursion. Finely produced, nearly 400 pages, 40 colour plates, it's astonishing value for 1 guinea. Published by Phoenix House Ltd.

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